

Maclean's

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Sailing into Summer



Maclean's

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Interview

With Jack Lemmon

John Luther Lemmon III was born in Boston on February 8, 1935. His father was in the bakery business, an executive of the Doughnut Corporation of America, and the family was comfortably well off. Young Jack received an Ivy League education at Phillips Andover Academy and Harvard University, where he was elected president of the Ivy League Fencing Club in 1961. After graduating in 1966, Lemmon did a brief stint in the navy and then gravitated to Broadway. His acting apprenticeship was served in radio, television and summer stock. After five grueling years, Lemmon was offered a part in a movie. It was the beginning of a career which has spanned 25 years, some 35 films, and two Academy Awards. He has established himself as one of Hollywood's most respected and durable stars.

Jack Lemmon is a lot more complex than from the lecherous clown he is so adept at playing on the screen and stage. At 53, his hair is grizzled but his nervous energy is undiminished. He is lean and lit, his movements lithe and feline. Behind the actor's mask is a thoughtful, sensitive professional who takes his craft very seriously. In Toronto, where he played in a packed house every night for a month in a posh Broadway rue de Saint-Jacques play *Friends* (see page 33), Lemmon took time off to talk to us, scheduled to talk with *Maxwell's* contributing editor Robert de Santis.

Maxwell's: Is it true you were born in a box and a cradle?

Lemmon: Yes. According to my mother, who always swore it.

Maxwell's: And you were born with your hair?

Lemmon: (At a mere 10 and he wore) "colored" (my hair at the time, before *Lemmon's*).

Maxwell's: That's for sure. And a kidney, Oh, Jesus, premature, everything I had everything you can think of is about the first 12 years.

Lemmon: I had three married operations which at that point were serious, before penicillin. And I had my first and second and third.

Maxwell's: How you have in good health now?

Lemmon: Yes, it's sort of like I had up an emergency.

Maxwell's: How do you cope in a profession that is so physically demanding?

Lemmon: When you are working hard, that's good for you. It's like going to the gym for 24 hours every night doing the gym, and it's great. The only place I use it is for keeping my weight to what it was in my



Days of Wine and Roses

It took about a year and a half to get anybody to do 'Days of Wine and Roses'

20. I really weighed about 140 to 145, and I really weighed 147 now.

Maxwell's: Are you an unusual career for someone brought up in a stable and of family family?

Lemmon: Yes, but that's a little overblown. At that time in America there was a definite middle class in income, style of life, and my father was an extremely "middle-class" man in the sense of what we used to consider—hard work, slowly move up the ladder, and a hard lifestyle reflects all that etc. He represented the so-called American success story.

Maxwell's: Did he have meetings where you mentioned that you wanted to be an actor?

Lemmon: He had four about it that not in re-

grets. He would have loved it if I had gone into his business and started at the bottom as he did. Most fathers, if they really love the business, would love to have the son continue on.

Maxwell's: How old were you when you were taken by the game boy?

Lemmon: I was taken at an awfully young age. As a kid is school, if you are a student in a school play, fine. But not I would be come a sort of musician and tell long stories at parties. It was my way of getting attention and I had a fun for it.

Maxwell's: Was it easy to break into television or an actor?

Lemmon: A real reason was called *Worthington*. Most wanted out of the television program. The major accomplishment among many was the conception of *Studio City*, which really was a television. They were just starting in show called *Studio City* and *Johnny* and *Chuck* Hanna got the lead. They were expanding so fast that cars and cars couldn't even keep themselves in the same buildings. They had offices in Grand Central Station and everywhere. They didn't have cars as many of us as yet.

so I just walked in and told him that I was just off the boat and was one of the *Abbey Players* from Dublin.

Maxwell's: Was he impressed by your brains?

Lemmon: I had just done *showboat* on TV two weeks before, on *Kyle* *Therapy*. And I was going on about the *Abbey Players* and *Johnny* *Mama* landed and said, "That's just about the worst scene and the worst line I have ever heard. Not only are you not from Ireland or the *Abbey Players*, but two weeks ago I saw you play *the American* had an *English* *Therapy* *showboat*, if you've got that much stupidity you can have the part." It turned out to be a good part, and I worked a lot with *Johnny* after that.

Maxwell's: How did you break into film?

Lemmon: They were looking for somebody to play opposite *Julia* *Holiday* in *It Should Happen to You*—that was around 1953—and I had just done a TV show called *Robert Montgomery Presents*... and a few other names. *Maxwell's* *Pro*, on the *West Coast*, was a delayed television program of weeks later in California and said, "They had said that was good for the *Julia* *Holiday* film." Meanwhile I was just opening in a Broadway musical as an old man called *Sammy* *Service*. So they had a couple of people from *Columbia Pictures* in New York come to see me.

Maxwell's: I take it that report was favorable.

Lemmon: They made me an offer to come out and do a test. Well, because in *Julia* *Holiday* and the part was marvelous, and it would be directed by *George* *Cukor*—where I'd always heard was a marvelous actor—director and that interested me—wasn't out a sort of preliminary thing. If they liked the test and I wanted to do the film, I wouldn't have to sign any of these standard seven-year contracts.

Maxwell's: Did they agree?

Lemmon: They agreed, and when I did the test I got the part. It was such a marvelous experience that I just fell in love with film. I think it's wonderful to have to sign one of these standard seven-year contracts.

Maxwell's: How do you approach a role?

Lemmon: That's the most exciting part of it. It is a delicious ball. It's when suddenly an actor is there for the first time in an actor's life. I think it's a great thing. I'll make an analogy: *Julia* *Wilder*, who took me into and directed, once said that when he has completed the final draft of the script, he feels that 85 percent of the film is already done, before he has shot a first of film, or heard anyone.

Maxwell's: Is the search for a character in the most important part of an actor's performance?

Lemmon: I think 80 percent of your performance has already been given before the curtain ever goes up, if you have found the character—the search and the working and the knowing and the finally reaching a point where you can play it. The last part, actual performance, is just the final step.

Maxwell's: You have done some of your best work for *Julia* *Wilder*. Do you have a special rapport with her?

Lemmon: Yes. There's some kind of a working thing that we're both on. We don't think about, necessarily, but there is a love and a respect that we both have and communicate very clearly. I've been close to *Wilder* now almost 20 years and I cannot remember 30 weeks that wasn't close.

Maxwell's: Do you do a lot of background research before shooting a part?

Lemmon: I do. I've done a lot of research on *Julia* *Wilder* before doing *Julia* *Wilder* in 1963.

Maxwell's: We did just for the first *Shirley* *Maxwell's* and I went to a warehouse. They had about 3500 45 rpm records in and out like hot and cold running water. None of them spoke any English except for the machine, who spoke a little broken English. She says, "Here you go in a beautiful, wonderful, sweet girl, and she brings in the little *Mary*, who's in her mid-20s, a pretty girl. *Shirley* would say, "What is your own attitude? Do you have a first? You're not. And the world say, "Mary was... then she would be translated. Now 35 seconds after she said she would have a voice holder, "Mary was." And she'd say, "Fancy, an moment" and off she'd go. And we'd wait. About a minute and a half later she was back. "Pardon, now where were we?" About 30 or 40 seconds into the next answer, "My room." All right, long *Mary* got disappeared. Now it turns out that *Mary's* guide watching the famous *Mary* she could get out of a customer—he would be seen, done, out and ready for a situation—in about 30 seconds.

Maxwell's: What sort of research did you do for the role of the alcoholic in *Days of Wine and Roses*?

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For pressure to be exerted effectively, the first step is to define the points

Column by W. Gunther Plaut

It is always a good idea to know something about the persons with whom you are having an argument. Otherwise we continue to speak past each other, which is what Canadians are doing presently, or most of the time when it comes to Quebec. Most Canadians trust the intention of the province as they consider our single, identifiable block of humanity. They do not, and the more clearly we understand to whom we are talking the better a chance we will have to make our points.

For the purpose of the Great Debate, Quebecers may be said to constitute five distinct groups:

- (1) Francophones who are committed to separation.
- (2) Francophones who are opposed to separation.
- (3) Francophones who are still uncommitted.
- (4) Anglophones who are overwhelmingly opposed to separation.

(5) "Others," whose another tongue is neither French nor English (and in this context, though this may sound contradictory, this includes immigrants along with native people who are trying to retain their own culture).

Group 1. Someone once said that the Québécois are "the white cugens of America." The person drawing the analogy had in mind the economic and sociopolitical role which an anglophone minority played in the history of the province. But in another context it might be equally valid to say that the Québécois are the Zionists of Canada—a comparison which the francophones may politely reject and which will cause anglophones with possibly another reason for negative feelings (and which will probably cause Jewish readers to respond with a firm "Think you, but no?").

The analogy is in fact valid on the sociopolitical plane. The followers of René Lévesque draw their primary strength from the universities and other intellectual or semi-intellectual circles. They are nationalists who have a deep-rooted passion for Frenchness and tradition and for whom separatism has a messianic or salvational dimension. It appears as a necessary condition for their cultural survival. Living as they do, in the French Diaspora's Zionism has the same qualities of devotion. Diaspora Jews had no future in the ideology proclaimed, and only in their own land.

where they could determine their own fate, would they be able to guarantee their physical and cultural survival. It is fair to say that in 1947-48 when Israel's independence was in the making, no argument which would have forecast future economic and military difficulties would have persuaded the Jews that leaving their own state was unwise. Likewise or not, they were driven toward it because they believed that it was a salvation for their most cherished ideals, which were not material in nature.



The term francophone of itself is not amenable to economic or other pragmatic arguments and rich in symbolism for Quebec separatists as well. Therefore, talking about that Quebec won't make it is either offensive or useless, or both. In their vision an independent Quebec will secure French culture and tradition, and therefore most as far as they are concerned, Canadians. Don't argue with them at all, except to make sure that civil rights in Quebec are maintained for all citizens while the debate is raging.

Group 2. Francophones who are opposed to separation need no migration and—over all—"nationalism" notwithstanding—national support. They will also need resources that the rest of Canada will lend every effort to give. Francophones their due—everywhere.

Group 3. This should be the main target of the anti-separatist campaign. In this group are probably the majority of the French working class, many of whom voted for negative reasons: they wanted the liberals out of power. It is likely that

members of this group are attracted to an ideology and more to economics or to put a more bluntly, less as the survival of culture than in the survival of their families. They will be open to the argument that separation will reduce their earnings, will further erode their dollars, and will likely increase unemployment.

Group 4. Anglophones who oppose separation sit in the same boat. They too need reassurances which will make it easier for them to stay and brace it out. Their financial insecurity is eroded as is their voting power. They need also the contained and expressed concern of the rest of Canadians who will let them know that they care and will give them advice and tangible support.

Group 5. Members of this group have one thing in common: they have a culture and tradition which is neither French nor English, and they are eager to preserve it in the confines of Quebec. They must be given to understand that a monolithic nation which a French Quebec would doubtlessly be, rarely gives room to diversity. They would be better off in a province which by being part of Canada, would continue to guarantee their culture. That if would also be economically more prosperous is of course an additional argument. A significant effort in this respect should be undertaken in Canada at once.

What is comes down to is simply this: Groups 2 and 3 are the target groups for a national anti-separatist drive. In other words, the united and francophones and the native and other "others."

As for Group 1, the ardent supporters of Lévesque, they will not be won over by arguments or concessions. They will continue to exist even after their unsuccessful referendum, for no defeat will move them from their belief in the rightness of their case. What they will at the end contribute to all of us is a greater attention to the needs of French identity in the midst of a sea of North American anglophones, a reinvigoration of the Canadian constitution and probably a vision for Quebec which will reflect the uniqueness of the province.

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Maclean's

Preview

Mick and Debby and Burt and Sally



Jagger and Boone: they'll wear matching white bucks

Just when we thought 1978 was going to be another ho-hum year, the *National Enquirer*, its finger on the North American pulse, has gone ahead and assembled a panel of "10 top psychics" to persuade us otherwise. Among staid and intelligent such as news that Diane Keaton, Sally Field and Marie Osmond will marry, respectively, Woody Allen, Burt Reynolds and "a rock singer nearly twice her age." Is the revelation that draftee Erik Krieger will end his career with an accidental fall in his home and Jackie Gleason will be shown a ship that disappears in the Bermuda Triangle and is recovered with all aboard suffering from amnesia. Best news, for anyone fearing a return to the '50s and their consuming interest in life's golf game, is the production from psychic Florence Vary, who predicted Nixon's resignation, that Debby Boone will cause "heartbreaking family turmoil" when she starts to date Rolling Stone Mick Jagger.

The taxmen runneth

The war from the California Proposition 13 tidal wave seems to be slipping over into

Fruits of abuse

The push of revelations about the rise of Hollywood continues again with the November release of a True Confessions book on the life of Joan Crawford by her adopted daughter Christine Warren from her sickle impulses that caused Brooks to plead to write her devastating Hollywood behind-the-scenes book *Haywire*.

Robert Young and Joan Crawford myth and reality



Canada with the recent formation of the Canadian Taxpayers' Association, a group of 58 small businessmen and professionals opposed to government waste. The group's spokesman is George McLane. 45 a colorful public relations man given to imprecations of "oh, come off it" when particularly heinous examples of public waste are discussed. Unaligned politically and based mainly in Ontario, the fledgling group plans to oppose tax increases on everything but essential services and lobby for bonding referenda on major government projects. They hope to collect 10,000 inflated taxpayers by the fall and will hold meetings and membership drives throughout the summer. Their motto: "A government that is big enough to give you everything you want is big enough to take everything you've got."

Broadway angels

Shy is not an adjective appropriate to Gorki Drobosky, 29-year-old Toronto producer of *The Disappearance* with Donald Sutherland and *The Silver Plover* starring Elliott Gould. He has recently parlayed an association with New York producer Norman Kras into an unusual co-production deal for one of next season's hottest Broadway prospects. Called *A Broadway Musical* it will feature music by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams who wrote the hit *Dear and Applause* respectively. Fully half the budget or some \$575,000 will be raised in Canada. Half of that sum has already been collected at one broker's "audition" with another scheduled for July 17 at Toronto's Rosedale Golf Club. What is unusual is that Strouse and Adams (neither spring chickens) will be presenting all their own songs. At the first meeting their productions were reportedly spurned but, according to one observer, "Harry Belafonte they ain't."



Drobosky: steel mogul

speculation about Marlene Dietrich's death is the fact that Marlene Crawford, who was married four times and admitted to an affair with Clark Gable, was not Dietrich at the time of her death in May 1977 indeed neither Chazara nor her three siblings (all adopted) were even speaking to her. Publisher William Morrow is coy saying only that the book is written with love. Never mind that her mother abused her.

Christina, Marlene's girl



Canada

The gas is sometimes greener

Canada's total oil reserves were 499 billion barrels at the end of 1970 while total natural gas reserves were 225 trillion cubic feet. At 1976 rates of production, these reserves represent 82 years' supply for oil and 82 years for gas. — Energy Minister Joe Greener, June 3, 1971

Joe Greener has long since moved to the comfortable obscurity of the Senate, but his independent clients linger on as a symbol of errors in judgment which haunt the federal government and the petroleum industry alike. In pushing an aggressively optimistic picture of Canada's resources (the figures he quoted represented the optimistic, unconserved potential for oil and gas, not proven reserves), Greener was trying to justify more petroleum exports to the United States, but scarcely three years later, during the so-called energy crisis of 1973-75, Ottawa's oil and gas companies said we were running out of oil and gas and would face shortages of both in the 1980s—unless we took drastic steps, such as quadrupling prices for petroleum. Canadians swallowed the higher prices, but also took down the 100,000 signs on the remaining oil and gas. No new gas exports have been approved since Greener's optimistic oil exports are to be discontinued by 1981.

Now, however, with yet another price taker under its belching bell, the petroleum industry says we once again face a supply—even a glut—of oil and gas and should increase not cut back our exports to the fuel-hungry U.S. Within a decade, the petroleum industry has completed a during, 360-degree turn, leaving Canadians wondering whom to believe.

The oil companies reply that the crisis of 1973-75 brought with it the seeds of its own recovery in the form of higher prices, which both encouraged the companies to look for more oil and gas and curbed Canadian appetite for the fuels. The result is a temporary surplus of oil and gas, an outcome far from Greener during the crisis. "These forecasts were prepared in the light of the existing levels of energy consumption and rather discouraging exploration results," says the Canadian Petroleum Association spokesman for the major oil companies. "With the advent of higher prices for oil and gas, a surge of exploration activity in Canada has produced very encouraging results in the case of gas and some indications that the oil discovery rate could turn around." The association adds a Cushing-22 oil barrel to ease for more exports. If they are not allowed the oil companies will

have less cash to invest in exploration, and the country will run short of oil and gas in a week.

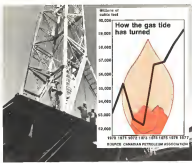
The oil companies used to make such self-serving statements with relative impunity, but now they face a highly skeptical public and are taking what is far from a low-key, almost apologetic approach in their push for more exports. Says Imperial Oil President Jack Armstrong, "I know right now that, with all the variables that make up petroleum forecasting, what we are predicting today will be different from what actually transpires during the next decade. But you have to make your best shot according to the data you have and looking to conditions as you expect them to develop."

The National Energy Board (NEB), which must approve any additional exports of oil and gas, is no less sensitive to public opinion about possible mistakes in forecasts and is moving just as cautiously. Before deciding on any new exports, the NEB is holding public hearings on the overall supply of oil and gas in Canada. The industry, however, considered last month but now experts must evaluate the evidence



Greener (above) in optimistic times, and Longhead's clerkling Ben's Alward (left) Yurkuk, with senior, right, Alberta Shell president, looking on a bundle of exports.

submitted by the oil companies before a report is moved in the fall.



The supply of conventional crude oil is so limited that it is entirely unlikely the next will appear more exports. If it does, the federal cabinet, which has the final word, will probably exercise its veto. The next it could be expected to increase the 1981 limit for domestic oil ex-

ports, a delay the Americans have requested. For despite the frantic exploration activity of recent years, Canada's oil reserves have been steadily declining (see graph). By the end of last year, crude oil reserves stood at less than six billion barrels, barely equivalent to nine years' supply for Canada at 1977 rates of consumption. That figure does not include the Athabasca tar sands, where the Suncor plant began producing oil this summer and where another plant is being considered. Nor does it include most of the West Pembina oil field, where significant new finds could add as much as one billion barrels in reserves, and the Lloydminster heavy oil, subject of a take-over battle (see story on page 30). But these new sources of oil will slow the downward trend, not reverse it.

Gas to a different story. Reserves have actually increased in the last five years to close to 40 trillion cubic feet, equivalent to 40 years' supply for Canada at 1977 rates of consumption. And that figure does not include the 13 trillion cubic feet discovered to date in the Arctic north. Suddenly it would seem Canada is flouting on a bubble of energy gas. TransCanada Pipe Lines and other companies are pushing major new exports of gas to the U.S. as a release valve. The alternative seems to be to let the surplus gas, which the Alberta government's Energy Resources Conservation Board estimates will total 14 trillion cubic feet over the next four years, go underground.

Federal Energy Minister Alastair Gilgus has a third option: sell more gas in Canada. The TransCanada system, now under construction, would link the gas to the Marcellus in Quebec City and even the Marcellus to open up new domestic

markets. Such a move would, in Gilgus's view, not only help solve the gas surplus problem, but also lessen Canada's dependence on shaky sources of imported oil by using more of its share of the energy market in eastern Canada. Says Gilgus, "Quite simply, we just cannot afford to let our sector become too dependent on foreign oil sources. They continue to act by no means assured."

An extended gas pipeline would also give oil and comfort to residents by making Quebec's addition to a Canadian pipeline. Right now, gas accounts for just 6 percent of Quebec's consumption in Quebec—compared to 27 percent in Ontario—but since most Quebec needs are met by its own hydroelectric power and by imported Quebec Energy Inc. (QEI) gas, it is a whole paper published last month nevertheless endorsed the extension of the gas pipeline.

But the major oil companies do not see the gas pipeline extension as an answer to the surplus problem. Says Imperial Oil's Armstrong, "This is quite understandably a politically appealing proposal, but from the economic standpoint, parts of this proposal don't make very much sense. A considerable case might be made, on economic grounds, for extending the pipeline to Quebec City. But from Quebec City onwards, the economics get progressively worse."

Armstrong and other critics are also worried about their reliance on Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba, both provinces reported oil. These refineries are operating at just 70 per cent of capacity now and if the gas pipeline were extended and oil imports cut back, some might have to close.

Greener might consider more gas exports if they could be shipped to the Americans for future supplies of Alaskan gas when the Alaska Highway pipeline is finally built. But Alaska Premier Ben Longhead, who is backing the oil companies, pushes for oil exports, says there should be no conditions attached. However, Longhead is trying to attach his own conditions by tying additional gas exports to trade concessions from the U.S. on Alberta's petrochemicals and agricultural products. Then there is Ontario, which opposes both more gas exports and a gas pipeline extension because it fears its citizens will have to pay for the cost of construction. Ontario would favor cutting the price of gas—at a loss in revenue with the supply exceeding the demand—but the province of Alberta would oppose any price cut.

Oil companies, pipelines, provincial governments. It is a bewildering array of competing interests forming up over which, many of alliances before an increasingly uncertain public. It will take the rest of the year to sort it all out. Joe Greener, who understandably cautions today that his 1971 forecast was "very optimistic," does not

NEB is set up in 1972-73 from 1972-73 to 1973-74 and in July 1974, the NEB was replaced by the Canadian Energy Board. The NEB is a federal agency responsible for the energy sector in Canada and Alberta.

ment records, letters and photographs that the kids missed between May 12 when they were called in and June 13 when the floodwaters were about to crest. But then the kids could be listed. All the physical personalities at the farm have been explained. Black peeling from trees was traced to frost damage and "snow storage." As a result, a plantation was just waiting for the peeling of paint. Year after year, and the car probably died of vaccine deficiency and that the bird's death was so unusual. The dog's lethargy was blamed on his having run through a burnt-weed fence.

Soil, the two testing the soil with shovel specimens. Eaten, animal reports from more than a dozen different government agencies. The snake detector in the kitchen was sent to the Saskatchewan Research Council for tests. The water supply was checked and subjected for toxic substances. Fair animals were examined for diseases that can affect humans. Natural gas lines, power lines and the sewage system were investigated. Tests were made for mold, dust and herbicides. Finally, the medical officers advised the Beaudins to permit the mother through private medical means to ease this child from a previously dormant allergy.

The official results do not satisfy the Beaudins. Fred Beaudin, 40, and Mary from years of crossing grain crops of red-brown wheat crops from the soil, has the common sense of someone who survived the Depression of the 1930s and the low grain prices of the 1960s. He's no quitter, and uses eventually his will return to his farm. He feels the present situation is a big up because with "out sun and our wind" everything, essentially designed for his needs. "It's still awful. They've never really proved it all," says CHENIERE.

QUEBEC

Learning the hard way

The deaths of 12 students and an instructor in the flood waters of Lake Timiskaming last month were rightly regarded as a tragedy of considerable dimensions. But the inquiry into the affair, in Ville Marie, Quebec, confirmed a more troubling fear, that all the deaths might have been prevented by more careful planning. The four adults and 27 boys (aged 12 to 14) who set out from St. John's School in Clarendon, Ontario, on June 11 headed for Jones Bay but there almost no emergency provisions, had made no preliminary study of a dangerous and unproductive lake and had not once bothered to check the lake's weather forecasts. They made and used (the weather) One teacher—teacher Neil Thompson, 24—admitted that he had never steered the large 22-foot cedar canoe before the fatal expedition, that of the seven boys in Thompson's craft died. "I really had no idea of how you do steering of a canoe," Thompson told the inquiry, but when he expressed his misgivings to another teacher, Peter Cote, before

the trip, he was told it was something that he'd be learned by experience.

The St. John's School has gained a certain notoriety in recent years for its insistence on the value of daily experience. Its teachers and masters think nothing of exposing young boys to the rigors of winter camping or the hazards of canoeing on fickle lakes. All that is justified by somewhat sporadic references to building character or moulding leadership, as though thinking about in cold water were a kind of moral strength. The private school, with branches in Edmonton and Selkirk, Manitoba, seems to regard discipline as a right to ignore common sense. The best or worst—example of that was the expedition itself.

The team of 31 set out after a day of celebration at the school. They drove six hours through the night. Neither teachers nor students slept more than five hours. They ate a meagre breakfast of orange juice and cheese sandwiches and were on the water by 8 a.m. The lake was calm and still, like a lake, when—almost suddenly—it began to roll. The wind had a tendency to come up suddenly, especially in the spring, sweeping across the water from the west. "These down-drafts are difficult to foresee," one resident said, "especially if

lake. Minutes later, a second canoe tipped over in the 40° F. water. Thompson watched both begin to panic and think about the way he was treated by the cold. This body began to ache. "I have to admit I did not know what to do," he said.

Soon the other canoes, whose pupils had tried to rescue boys from the water, had the water spray over. The boys who could swim got off toward the shore about 150 yards away. The others, including the instructors, being gently on, searching for survivors. But the better cold had crested their mental faculties. One teacher, Mark Denry, merely stood up in a canoe that had been tilted by a wave over again. Denry's body and the bodies of some boys were recovered from the water the next day. Three others died on shore—all by drowning and extreme exposure to cold, the pathologist said.

Richard Ives, 29, the expedition's co-leader, recalled that after 40 minutes in the water. "I was losing my strength. I had to see if I could go on. I wasn't going to make it if I stayed there." But, responsible for safety and planning on the trip, was responsible. Probably, Quebec's former Lieutenant Governor, Quebec's former Lieutenant Governor, could not be held responsible for these incidents, but would that his written recommendations, now being prepared, would do for more caution and more preparation for those who undertake such expeditions.

Survivors of inquiry in canoe flooding lake



could never hear on the lake below," meteorologists put the wind velocity at about 35 miles per hour over the water, with gusts to 45.

Thompson, leading the fourth and final boat, was the first to encounter problems. He could not control the drift of his canoe and, blown off course, he ran parallel to the shore. The crash began to pull under the ropes of the water. It is less than a minute it flipped, throwing its occupants into the

water. Minutes later, a second canoe tipped over in the 40° F. water. Thompson watched both begin to panic and think about the way he was treated by the cold. This body began to ache. "I have to admit I did not know what to do," he said.

OTTAWA

The summer of discontent

An crowd converged on the gassy lawn of Parliament Hill July 1 to cheer the start of the annual Canada Day birthday bash and watch the fireworks. Indeed, a vast



Richardson as a politician in a ceremonial release a blueprint for national disaster?

subject stage show was unfolding. A cheering crowd of people was watching Ottawa a town across the country over the federal government's newly proposed legislation to amend the constitution, including changes to the Senate and Supreme Court, along with construction of a Charter of Basic Rights and Freedoms. So far the biggest fear especially among provincial politicians is that Ottawa will move ahead without their full approval, despite Federal Provincial Minister Marc Lalonde's assurances that "everything is negotiable, everything is on the table."

Among all the bill's critics, first prize for showmanship went to Liberal MP and former defence minister James Richardson, the muckraker from Winnipeg, who crossed the floor of the Commons last month to set as an independent because, in his words, "the government's two-phase plan to amend the Constitution is a disaster in the making." Breaking ranks, passed his heavy Tory opposition, but on condition to join the Conservatives, since Richardson's belief in a unified Canada includes French as an official language.

In no wisdom, the federal government managed to lose Opposition leader Joe Clark's vote by a phony of the "Bury idea for an upper chamber that would include provincial representatives

Clark was left screaming a defence for the province that they, "for the rest of us, don't like being pushed around." The criticism was hardly fair game, since Ottawa had consulted extensively with the provinces. Likewise, the government had also announced provincial criticism. But many critics, particularly perhaps, believe they are not their own masters as the first minister's constant lack of contact on last September. Nevertheless, Richard Coleman, Bill Bennett and Alberta's Prime Minister Mulroney's stated that opposition to the Senate reforms, despite their own earlier own statements with the establishment of provincial spokesmen in the upper house. Bennett is now drafting his own constitutional paper and Mulroney is threatening court action if the role peak ahead with the idea on their own. An Ontario Premier Davis would say if not the reforms "give rise to questions of great concern." Only Quebec's René Lévesque has entirely shrugged off the legislation.

Meanwhile, the government continues to mull over the summer with the setting up of a joint committee of 20 men and 20 women to study six new constitutional proposals. Co-chairmen are former Minister Lester B. Pearson and Liberal MP Mark MacGuigan, both of whom scored a major jump constitutional committee back in 1979. Expected to get under way August

immediately, the committee will eventually head out across the country gathering more voices in the hall. It'll be no time to waste, with the government's promise to implement the bill by next July 1. Seniors, many of whom stand to lose their jobs if the bill passes, are taking up their own independent committee. Despite the government's eagerness to see the legislation in place before the Quebec referendum and a possible federal election, the general feeling in Ottawa is that a lot of amendments will have to be made before the bill goes through its former Conservative leader John Diefenbaker predicts. "This bill has as much chance of passing as I have of jumping out of this 10th-floor window without having my leg."

ALAN WATKINS

INDUSTRY

New bird in town

When the federal government paid \$38 million for Canada in 1976, a popular vote was that a bird brought a lion on. Today, less than three years later, the lion has become a plain Canadian, which had 1,500 employees when the purchase was made from the U.S. parents now has triple that number in its sprawling north and Montreal plant and others are flying in. But a glowing success story in an otherwise gloomy Canadian manufacturing scene, while a number of factors are involved, the main reason for the turnaround is the Challenger, an eleven-year-old

Kassam and Challenger model living-room console for \$11 at \$7.5 million each



owned by William Lear, the energetic Aerospace inventor who designed the first-ever executive jet in the early 1960s.

Canadair says the Challenger will fly business-class fares, further and as fast as any other jet currently in service. It will have 135 seats in break-out, and Canadair President Fred Krums predicts sales will eventually top 500. Customers are mostly Americans. "We have found that our credibility is accepted without question outside Canada," says Krums. "Within Canada, however, we have met with considerable skepticism about our ability to design and build so complex this will do what we say it's going to do."

How did Canadair, a failinging puppy in the aerospace jungle and a firm that was overtaken by a rival airline interest, acquire exclusive rights to the Challenger, a high-

tech entry in the civilian aviation field? The story begins in November, 1975, when Canadair was still owned by General Dynamics, the giant, St. Louis-based aerospace and weapons firm. Krums found that Lear, the inventor of the car radio and the automotive jet in the late 1960s, was trying to publicize an idea for a bigger and better executive jet. Krums was unimpressed, and when the Canadair sale went through, in January 1976, three months of furious bargaining began. Canadair outbid the competition, probably the huge LTV Corp. of Dallas, and won the Challenger.

Lear had some rough sketches for the design of the Challenger, but Canadair's engineers faced a wide body, while Lear had opted for the more conventional narrow body. Within a few months, Lear and Canadair parted, but Canadair retained exclusive rights to Lear's plane, whatever the final design. (There was talk that Lear would design yet another executive jet that would compete with the Challenger, but he died of leukemia in May at age 73.)

Canadair stock with the wide body and that seems to have been the right choice. Confort, says Krums, is a key selling factor for executives who must take long, transcontinental or intercontinental flights, and the Challenger is no more than any of its competitors, with the possible exception of General's Gulfstream II. But the Challenger will fly faster and farther than the Gulfstream II on low fuel, says Canadair. Inside the Challenger, 11 people can sit in lounge-room comfort and a six-foot man can stand up straight.

To be sure, the Challenger will have to fly. But the first flights are being handled so the first plane now, and Canadair officials express little concern over the maiden flight. If the plane does not live up to performance standards specified in sales contracts, Canadair must return the 3 per cent deposit, with interest. But extensive wind-tunnel testing has convinced Canadair that its jet planes will have no trouble ending in the wide blue yonder. See *WASHPOST*

Mighty Lester at the bat?

The Pearson Cup was "in honor of a former brightlight," explained Toronto's Charlie Fox, the city general manager of the Montreal Expos. "I don't know the name of the fellow, but the proceeds are going to Canadian amateur leagues to develop players of his caliber."

Lester Pearson, who was as well known for his self-deprecating wit as for his love of baseball, would have been amazed. It was a full first the Big Game played in his honor last last month between the Expos

and Toronto's Blue Jays drew better than 2,000 fans from Toronto and filled less than half the seats at Montreal's Olympic Stadium. Or that the game was a lighthearted one. Or that the city had been forced the Expos to release the game nationally as a feature of Canada Week. Or even that all the fans were going to be watching the game on a pay-per-view basis, with the proceeds going to Canadian youth all the way to play from such places as Coastal British Columbia, Cuba City, California and Camaguey, Cuba.

There was also the matter of those pregame clubhouse toasts, which were reminiscent of the heavy toasts that flow over the television from the former prime minister's business clubroom in the 1960s.

Just: Expos field manager Dick W

kins had his team set out a peanut, not Pearson, and was giving his club for the crucial series in Philadelphia against the Phillies in the first week of July. "That's things," Williams muttered, "are more important."

Then, Baker Moore, who wanted for the Jays, really would have preferred to be pitching the next night in a regular American League game against Cleveland. "I'm probably the best excited by the game," Moore confessed between sips of a cold chewing tobacco drenched around the green artificial turf. Across the way, lounging on the Expo bench right behind Ellis Valentin, and amid the cheering, shouts and warms, dived happily. "What are the chances of a run out?"

In the final analysis, as they say in the broadcast booth, the game for the Pearson Cup was better than a balling. In the seventh inning, the Jays put together a three-run rally, including a key single by Vancouver-born shortstop Dave McKoy. In the game at 4-4. Then in the bottom of the 10th, Chatterbox O'Brien's very own Bill Atkinson, who had been louping at the game's start in the mood for the Expos, scored the winning run on an unimpeachable inside square with the bases loaded.

Back in the Expo dressing room, reliever Atkinson stopped for a shower while his teammates mockingly celebrated the triumph with a rendition of "We Are the Champions." Atkinson was the only star in the room who was even slightly staved. "Even though I'm from Ontario," he finally allowed through the haze of his teammates. "It was good to win for the province of Quebec." In the hallway, an opponent of Atkinson's, Mike Pearson, couldn't have put it any better.

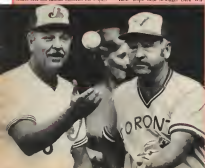
ROBERT LEWIS

Williams and Jays' field manager Roy Wardenfeldt play the batter was staved

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Le grand Giscard

He's been lucky so far, but the luck can't hold

By Marc McDonald

Helicopters bladed the gathering twilight over the Alpine village of Le Reposoir, screeching up white cliffs and across country. On a mountain ledge, 25 miles of the 150-kilometer Camille de Montferri road into their courtyard, waving inviolate flags frantically here and there. Below, in a dark, hollow field, the entire population of 136 houses filled for history to descend with pomp, ceremony and the taste of jet propulsion. Mothers, tears terrified children, drew schoolbags from beneath, snatching books and scribbles as if to some ill-fated page. "A great moment—what a great moment," Mayor Jean-Pierre Desmoulin keeps repeating, although he is hard pressed to explain it. For reasons not entirely clear to anyone, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is coming to dinner—fresh from triumph in the United Nations and saddle of evil in the White House. It is in this obscure mountain hamlet that he has chosen to celebrate his fourth anniversary as president of France's Fifth Republic.

Presidents like him Le Reposoir district is finally getting its reward for asking 115 of its 188 votes for him in the presidential election. The more cynical have been asked enough to recognize that, having emerged unscathed from the wreckage of last March's legislative elections, Giscard has already begun campaigning for 1981 when his seven-year mandate comes up for renewal.

But on matter here, where the footnotes to history have no seldom come calling, there are no quibbles. As the presidential chopper lands down, the church bell peals over the mountain in solemn harmony and young boys dash to roll the red carpet out. Hands are pumped, signatures scrawled up and jokes spun. Whispers flatter through the populace, wondering at how the lowering presence represents the gravel path and grandeur with no pretensions. As the long plates of beef and wild mushrooms from the forest are passed he keeps up from the table to bow in a courteous nod, in shameless pumps on a tradition of Clévy-Bonnet, Zure, honoring the ancient by "being loudly in no way to the false sense." But in Le Reposoir, he would be known as the fourth candle on his birthday anniversary cake, even Valéry Giscard d'Estaing himself knows that the traditional bag of no creature can not be down on the sacred notes which have echoed through the first half of his reign.

France stands at its economic and social crossroads, whether fully rooted in a fully

unfettered democracy not impervious to the winds of Eurocommunism which swirl across its fields. As the opinion polls and sagging uncertainty surrounding the March elections made clear, Giscard has become the man of the hour, not because he is the best, but because he is the least unacceptable. Unemployment now reaches up over one million in a nation of 53 million and government spokesmen confine that to one word to stoke in a series of desperate attempts to pump up the economy, the grim reality, Raymond Barre, his year after a wide success of big business from price controls while increasing the average citizen's wage with price hikes on farm products, savings and electricity that surge from 30 to 20 per cent. Inflation creeps back up toward the 10-per-cent mark. Even the most optimistic of economists do not deny that dark times lie ahead. "In five years, all the changes that I am myself have still not been attained," he tells the people of Le Reposoir in the first public speaking he has permitted himself—a mild understatement. The president, who had seemed in the Elgite Palace on five occasions "a new era for France," had in the last few months found himself bogged down in accusations of ineffectuality and accusations of scandal, highlighted by the head-punching of his former prime minister Jacques Chirac and the night-wear Giscard in one side on the other, belittled by the tales of scandalous conversations which riddled through the head.

"Four years is a long time," he says, "if you're president of the United States, my mandate would expire today. The evening there is an anniversary which matters greatly."

Almost four years into his presidency, the man who had vowed in the "famous" words "there was nothing in my country in two last decades if only that the head-based center he hoped to govern from was not holding; it simply did not exist. The reformer who had pledged himself to lead France into one nation free from poverty, privilege and discrimination could boast only the most meager of legislative records—hobbled by a hostile parliament, still master of a country with some of the most pronounced social inequities of any developed nation today. He approached March's legislative test, Giscard's personal popularity had plunged to a nadir. The press portrayed him as a far-rightist ideologue, sacrificing and afraid of



confession. "It was three new ideas—a king that the French put forward," the night-wear "Niveau" named. "Who Can Save Giscard from Shipwreck?" asked the following *Nouvel Observateur*.

But eventually, on the evening of March 18, after disarming himself in the solitary splendor of the presidential weekend chateau in the forest of Rambouillet to await the will of his people, he had emerged the clear winner of the most pivotal legislative elections in the country's two centuries of history.

His Union for French Democracy, the central alliance pushed together by only one month before voting, had surpassed even him by polling over six million votes, the second largest vote in France. All around the room of the left, so full of hope before the elections, was embarking in labor demonstrations and self-protection, while the Gaullists were insisting in aggressively a party to mark their disappointment in the ballot box. "Giscard, Act II," hailed the weekly *Le Point*. The daily *Quotidien du Peuple* called it "The Second Springtime of Giscard."

"Change Without Risk," was the Gaullist battle cry of '74, full of promise and contradiction. It may not be entirely exaggerated that it was embraced by a society which—nearly 300 years after the French Revolution—17,000 heads rolling—still has the most inequitable income distribution of any society in the West. In the land of liberty, equality and fraternity, a study published by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development in August, 1976, claimed that France showed the greatest gap between rich and poor of all Western nations. The wealthiest 10 per cent of the population shooed 30.3 per cent of the national income, the poorest 10 per cent, a mere 1.4.

Paradox, the French government childerped the situation and embarked on a study of its own. Four months later it had to confirm that in France the average white-collar employee costs 53 per cent more than his blue-collar counterpart (compared to a 37-per-cent disparity in West Germany and in Great Britain). A top French executive's salary is 5.1 times higher than that of his blue-collar workmen—more than twice the gap than in that neighboring land of milk and money, the German Federal Republic. A substantial number of France's 30.3 million workers survive on annual incomes of \$4,810, while a typical four-cylinder car costs \$3,000, plus a \$32.30 a gallon, tires cost for \$17.90 a pound 6-inch chips for \$3.50 a pound and an ordinary letter now takes a 30-cent stamp. One out of every six French workers is officially considered to be overpopulated, 48 per cent still have no in-

Giscard greets his people (top) and a smiling from his cockpit at Rambouillet (left). The woman is actress Marlene Dietrich, one of his closest personal friends.



door holes, 52 per cent have neither a bath nor shower and 73 per cent lack telephones. However.

On the corner of a soft spring night, a Paris business consultant and his wife stroll through streets radiant with new Christmas blossoms to watch Muzet's *Marriage of Figaro* at the Opéra for \$50 a seat, then sup on fresh fish gratin and duck breasts bathed in honey for another \$30—a lifestyle which is the envy of their North American visitors.

The tourist institutions do not venture beyond the quarters of the suburban Champs-Élysées market. The unseen, seamy streets chart a course of despair along the mountains, tourists waiting at window ledges for a breath of fresh air; they see the stairways rank with garb and crates, walls scarred with full testimony to their tourists' contempt. On the March eve of the second round of balloting, Robert Guérin, darkly handsome vision of the perfume fortune, sat in his brand-new office high above the Champs-Élysées and waited for "France is a country with a lot of agitation. For a rich man, it's fantastic—low income taxes, no capital gains tax. But I know it can't last. I'd sharply reduce that thing be changed gradually by my own hand than suddenly forced upon us." Stocks rose, in the sales of her wares, she had a lot of business, one of the last of Paris' great perfume houses still possessed by a single family; the darkness of France turned in her husband, peace in her eyes. "My God, we have three children and a lot of business in Paris—they're going to come and take everything away from us." Now the nightmare of August 4, 1980 Revolution had been laid to rest by the March rebuff of the left, but in the collective sigh of relief it seemed



be forgotten that 45 per cent of the country's voters knowingly repudiated their determination for a radical change.

While the Socialist and Communist parties defied their extensive no-confidence plans they had done their homework. Ten percent banks still largely in the hands of old families control 15 per cent of French industry. Mamei, like Schindler, Schenker, Engman and Peugeot still dominate whole manufacturing sectors. It was

France's angry students running a slightly smoky in 1968 (top) and its smiling students just running today. Top: Jacques Legu

set entirely accidental that the man leading this group's cry of defiance into the National Assembly was their deity, 86-year-old socialist tycoon Muzet. Duvallet believed to be the richest man in France, who when he wanted to see a Louis de Funès film, once purchased the

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culture cinema. Government still rests in the hands of a virtual oligarchy, sons of an elite who have been promoted through France's grander écoles, the École Polytechnique or École Nationale d'Administration, Giscard's alma maters, where it matters not so much what one has learned as whom one has met. "Every time I have a business problem I phone one of my school friends in the particular ministry," says a Bordeaux chicken owner's son. "It's registered the same day."

The private club continues to tyrannize the social fabric. "This has always been a hierarchical society," says Simone Charoin Tardieu, Pierre de Coubertin's daughter, who presides over the most reluctantly exclusive of them, Paris' Jockey Club, which once visited Egypt's King Farouk as a member. The Rothschilds have the discretion to supply.

"The Jockey is one of the last places in the world where money counts for absolutely nothing," he underlines with the satisfaction of a man who can trace his own life to pre-Revolutionary days and has a certain faith in the eternal order of things. "There are members who don't have titles, but not many of course." Currently fighting a rearguard action against the upstarts at the telephone company who wanted all calls from the new directory, he has heard it rumored that the editors jinxed himself from the Élysée, where titles have been dropped ever since Giscard's arrival. "A knafe bar of

demagogic effestation," sniffs the duke who is, in fact, related to the president by marriage: his daughter, an heiress to the Schneider steel millions, is the aunt of Anne-Agnès de Bréville, the president's wife. "We have a saying in France that he who wants something too much and can't have it, likes to pretend that he doesn't want it at all."

Indeed, pockets of the satirist's delight in relating that the president's father, a former inspector of finances who later made a small fortune in business, was born simply Edmond Giscard. In 1922, when he had his family tree traced, a distant d'Orléans was unearthed—a tie with the French islander who sailed off to fight the American Revolution. "Unfortunately Giscard's family descended not from the aristocrat but from an obscure cousin," points out a nobleman who prefers to remain nameless.

"How can you be expected to govern a country which has 300 kinds of cheese?" Charles de Gaulle was fond of repeating. In fact, Andouille's definitive Guide du Fromage acknowledges more than 2,000 varieties of Camembert alone. In a nation with such a penchant for complicating what is the simplest, it is ironic only to find that their current president is a man so simple as the people he seeks to sway. Seen by the masses as a sometimes aloof neoclassic,

Giscard is destroyed by the sincerity as an amateur who bends rather too far backward in exposing the commoner's anxiety, a traitor to his class. He is a genuine idealist who dreams of founding a French social democracy, yet surrounds himself with princes and is the founder of a political party which has excluded some of the most attached conservative spokesmen in France. Not unlike another world leader of his generation, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, to whom he bears a number of striking similarities, Giscard is a family man with the reputation of a playboy, a champion of reason who is both loathed for his formidable intellect and admired as a hollow theorist, a politician who has demonstrated at once a remarkable naiveté and a brilliance of strategy which—with virtually no party machinery behind him—led him to conquer the nation's highest office and reshape it in his own image.

From boyhood, his pursuit of the presidency had never been in doubt. At 29, after graduating from the École Nationale d'Administration and winning a post in the coveted finance ministry, he followed his maternal grandfather and great grandfather into parliament as one of the youngest members. At 32, as the Fourth Republic disintegrated to a collapse and Charles de Gaulle emerged to create the Fifth from its ashes, the tall, slenderly built wonderkid was nominated as his junior minister of finance, the youngest member of his

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timepiece and fairly simple graphs—a package on the April 10th evening when, 11 days after President's death, he finally announced his own aspirations for the 58-year-old Tyng on nothing more than personal style and France's standing on how to handle himself during France's first televised political debate. In a squabble in part the favorite, François Mitterrand, by less than one per cent of the vote.

At 58, as the youngest president of the Fifth Republic, the first one-Gaullist to preside over a constitution inspired expressly for a Grand Charles, he walked down the Champs-Élysées in a simple business suit brandishing the cry for a new political vision to wipe out the stubborn ideological schism between a rich and poor left and right.

But, his arrival at the palace coincided with an international energy crisis that left France making an imbalance of payments deficit and soaring inflation reaching to 15 per cent and deflating the last thing on anybody's mind. Yet, he did succeed in splitting through liberalized divorce and abortion laws and lowered the voting age to 18—no mean feat in a country which is both Catholic and culturally conservative. But his attempts at uniting France's two political entities only served to further reinforce them. His attempt at a capital gain was opposed so bitterly by left and right alike that it carried water—down to the point of being declared inapplicable. His mad-

ding in the inaugural election a year ago resulted in the Gaullists' victory in France while Socialists and Communists swept the rest of the land.

Word leaked out that when Giscard was in his bachelor quarters at the Élysée, he wasn't popping in on the wife and kids in their fancy 19th-century apartment either, thanks to a profound collision with a milk truck. His name was linked with actress Marlene Jobert and notorious photographer Marie-Laure de Decker whose editorial shots had helped groom him for the presidency. There were suggestions that the rumors were fanned by Giscard himself. Indeed, a poll by *Paris Match* revealed that a meagre 50 per cent of Frenchmen approved of his extramarital antics. Giscard's personal popularity hit its lowest point a year ago and as talk of his private depressions oozed into the press, Michel Pinon once more offered his services.

His first counsel was that Giscard must become more the man of action. The second resulted in the alliance of cabinet parties for which he was given the go-ahead only reluctantly. But no longer. Based on Pinon's calculations that a mere three to four per cent of the socialist vote could be swayed by Giscard's appeal, he designed a campaign solely around free TV time where political personalities explained why they championed the president. Now, having risen phoenix-like from that bed,

Giscard seems to be fired by a determination to make up for lost time. Swifly, he has mud-sued all questionable syndicates and placed his Gaullists in key government commission posts, above all where they can influence public opinion and the press—a move which has some French journalists worried.

His general minister Raymond Barre has been left to the dirty work of rousing the economy with a series of both brutal and conciliatory measures, while Giscard ranges the wider stage, appearing in the United Nations special disarmament session, sending French troops to the rescue in Zaïre, playing both graduate and paternalist helpmate in Africa, and public exhorter back home. His post-election invitation to the Élysée was a blatant and pressure attempt to court the more moderate socialists and to tie unionists to join in his centrist dream. Mitterrand, it is almost certain, will never capitulate—his own rights and not on a last grasp for the presidency—but there is already a discreet damp-Mitterrand move afoot as his party rallying around their apparent Michel Rocard.

On the opposite side the Gaullists, too, are apparently re-tuned on their own squabbles since a substantial wing split to support Giscard's candidate in front of the National Assembly, delivering a blow to those other presidential hopefuls, Jacques Chirac. "If the 1991 elections were held to-

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mirror, no doubt about it—Giscard would win in a landslide," says *L'Express* columnist Olivier Todd.

The French, it is said, like their history served up with bromsloppiness, each decade punctuated mostly by a crisis which threatens to destroy the entire social fabric but in the end leaves it essentially unaltered. It provides a kind of collective catharsis, without the mess or fuss of a revolt. The landslide of 1958 which launched De Gaulle's term. The merry-go-round of May, 1968, when students hurled themselves into the Latin Quarter raising fire alarms and inciting the entire nation to a month-long standstill. Now, 10 years later, France has once more landed to the edge of the precipice, has accepted by a hair's breadth from the modern spectre, Eurocentrism, and once more it lies in reflexive danger, nevertheless, but the country still steered by the harness of doped hopes—the other half by sheer reflex. On May Day, when police bowed for the outraged howl of bearded workers, barely enough showed up to constitute a relatively disorderly parade. On the anniversary of May '68 students defiantly stood for exams or gave in to disco-fever while roasting hot arguments with nostalgia and fondly watching TV interviews with that elderly successor of the revolution, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the dandy "Dimitri des Rues," who has grown plump and fished offspring in his German exile and now seems to be allowed back home. The question is how long this isolated climate will last.

Even economist Charles de Gaulle, out of a select coterie of thinkers is the mastery of industry changed, with restructuring France's industrial base, sounds the alarm. Although he supports Barre's tough line, he does not think that the French as a nation are willing to let the line necessary to pull them out of the economic doldrums—accept a period of inflation and high unemployment in the process of a brighter tomorrow a decade away. "Fortunately," he promises, "he says. However, economist Jacques Attali, 32, one of the socialist's key thinkers, warns that protracted high unemployment with no effort to right social inequalities is almost guaranteed to produce a wave of political violence similar to that in Italy. Columnist Todd of *L'Express* agrees. "It can't be how we won't have a boom tomorrow," he says.

Much as Giscard might try to distance himself from them, he and France's fortunes hang on the economy and these measures by which he hopes to win over the alarmed into the machine of his vision. As if he is once more beginning, he stands the shores of a tiny island in a village on that, he takes an aversion to his head, he spurs out the promise of happy endings. Slowly he has helicopter mounts again and the blackness of midnight sky. From his bubble, nothing can be seen of the way ahead, but his words echo across the nation. "I am undecoratable," he says. ☐

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Closetup / Showbusiness

A legend in the making

Bernie Slade has much better things to do these days

By Ron Base

The producer finally reached Bernard Slade in Boston, just as the playwright's new play *Travels* was about to open. "Listen," the producer said, his voice anxious. "I'll give you \$150,000 for the first read on anything that you write. Let me produce it, and I'll make you millions."

"I don't want millions," Slade said. "I don't want money."

In Hollywood such talk is like a foreign language: it is never understood. The producer was it asked. "Well," he said finally, "what do you want?"

"I want immortality," Slade announced flatly.

The producer paused for a long time. "I don't know if I can get you that," he said dubiously.

Slade was merely being facetious at first. Or was he? "Well, at first I would like more than anything to be a legend in the theatre," says his old friend, producer Billy Fox. Fox was a young talent manager, rock player and struggling television writer from the Catskills.

Slade and wife Jill Foster on the beach at Malibu present perfect

area. Of course, Slade had a certain air about him, a confidence that suggested he would do bigger things. That self-assurance was sometimes mistaken for conceit, but it marked Bernard Slade as a young man to be watched. Sure, enough.

Slade not only negotiated Hollywood but he became one of the hottest television writers around.

Slade's first big break came in 1974, when he wrote the script for *The Godfather Part II*. He earned a great deal of money and developed a close relationship with the powerful producer. He was not only a writer but a star.

He was witty and glib, but always disciplined and never frivolous. If anyone dropped his act, Slade was certainly not Bernie Slade. He did not drink much and he stayed



Jack Lemmon first heard the sound in Boston, where *Trumbo* was public in the April. Unconcerned. From all over the theatre came the sound of men clapping their fists. With *Trumbo*, this Hollywood supporter was returning to Broadway for the first time in 10 years. First, there were 20 weeks to play in Boston, then four in New York. "I was in the audience, and I was coughing and there in the darkness was a disturbing flash. He rushed backstage and I consoled Bernie Stole. 'Aaaa, Bern! He's real in the State barroom, damn! You've been employed so many weeks in your work as *Some Like It Hot* and *The Apartment*. They're sending out there' And Stole, he came out, carefully seated. He said, 'I don't know what that is.' He discovered that the men in the audience were angry. They were clapping their



with his portly and humorous son, Joel.

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Still, some of Slade's friends did not agree with one solitary direction: himself and his friends. Slade had difficulty showing them his true feelings. Slade wanted to hide behind his satisfied autonomy and an easy wit. He is a very private man and does not tend toward the open, expressive, and vulnerable. He is unsure to whether he could drop his guard enough so that he could pour his deepest feelings into *Yellowstone*. Slade, for his part, was worried about the distance that had to be struck between curiosity and desire so that he play could not become awkward. He had to restrain himself to simply call for the new concept. He was not to limit the manuscript and shock beyond hand "It's not comedy, it's drama. It's comedy in it, but this is a drama." Slade did not accept that "Bernard," said, "and her voice rising to make the point." However, this is a shock to you, but it's a war a war." Slade had simply called Tribune new story.

Whenever *Twister* was, it failed to attract the enthusiasm *James Bond*, *New Year's Eve* received. Slide's producer, Morlon Gottlieb, with one eye on the cash register, said "My God, this is about a man dying of cancer! Does it have to be cancer? I mean, what do I tell people it's about?"

"It's not about a man dying of cancer," Slide continued resolutely.

"I know that," Gottlieb said. "But it's about a man—*my* character!"

Gene Sisk, who had directed *Some Time, Some Place*, read the new play and said it was "a masterpiece of character," saying that he did not understand what it was about. Some people did not like the character of Scobie and others were shocked that Slade would attempt to write something with serious overtones. Slade was not a writer, but he was a superbly scolding supply in highland from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. in the study of his brother-in-law, a California-born writer, John L. Carr, at Canyon House while Johnny Carson and Tompkins blared away in the background. *Endgame* went through 12 drafts before it was accepted by the publisher, and the problems of balance. He also developed Jack's character so that he was something more than an irritating house Yankee but a man with a heart. Jack, Lorraine, who received the script as a broken paper from the publisher, was a former lover of Scobie, and immediately signed to do the show. Slade was particularly pleased because he had written Scobie with Lorraine as model from the beginning. And Lorraine turned out to be a joy to work with. She was a former actress, and she told Tolson to Broadway, was a sharp collaborator, to his experience with *Some Time, Some Place*. That show's stars, Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin, had been nothing but problems. Burrows, who at that time was a writer, was a former actress, and she told Lorraine that New Yorker was not a book.

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ment? If she liked Stude's play she gave some indication of it. Both stars asserted that rehearsal be held on a closed set and spend much of their time talking over the characters. "We had endless discussions, one-hour discussions," Stude recalled. "They rehearsed for hours, they discussed it. It was crazy stuff." Every so often, Bantyn and Gracie would announce, "Let's improvise." On those occasions, Stude quietly got up and left.

Gracie, who is best known as director of *The Handrock* and curvy camera of his dressing room between the matinee and evening performances, he Stude to keep his quarters at a hellacious temperature of 110 degrees. It was like a womb that he seldom allowed anyone to penetrate, except, on one occasion, Stude. "That the door I'm really concerned about is this thing."

"What's the matter?" Stude inquired as he closed the dressing room door.

"I've got a feeling the audience likes Helen better than they do me," Helen was the name of his wife in the play. She is mentioned in several situations, but is never actually seen on stage. Stude poured this out.

"I know," Gracie said. "But every time I tell a story about Helen, the audience goes crazy. They love Helen! I feel she love for Helen. They must hate me!"

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to write a really scorching story about her. Not flattery or anything, just put her on a very hot light."

"Tell you what, Chuck," Stude said, getting up to leave. "Take your Tony nomination for best supporting actress. I'll write the scorching story."

Even after *Some Time* opened successfully, there were problems. In London, actor Michael Crawford moved on referring to himself as the risk taker. When the public came to see Michael Crawford—and fighting with his leading lady, when he accused of using garlic before each performance. Finally, another actress was brought in as a replacement. The French laughed off the fact that the characters are middle-class and gloriously adored them in expensive *Giverny* costumes. In Los Angeles, Carol Burnett agreed to do the play with Dick Van Dyke, but played the pride and refused to say a certain first-line in exposure for advertising. She finally consented to entering the word "hump" around. She was not, however without a sense of humor. When Stude and his wife opened in an Edmonton production of the play, Burnett sent a telegram which read: "Don't bust it up!"

Stude did make sure he enjoyed his success, touring the various European capitals where he played, playing a lot of tennis, and buying a beach house in Malibu, an expensive toy complete with a desk that slides out electronically, and a Jacuzzi. Occasionally, he visited himself with some problems in connection with the movie success of *Some Time*, blanching when Burton Steinfeld and Wanda Beatty were



From left to right around the globe—Gord Sinden, Richard Alway, Dave Hodge, Erik Thorsen, Fred Locking.

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nevertheless, warming comediably when television actor Alan Alda—who had been his first choice for the stage production, and whose Broadway work had inspired him—sort of officiously poured in. Haskelwood would have to write a musical, and so did Billy Wilder. Fred Silverman, television undersecretary recently appointed president of the new network, tried to persuade him to come back to television. "Not unless my children get income," Slade replied.

He turned down all the offers. He was a playwright now, proud of the fact that just a few years earlier he had been a struggling actor. When Tribune reached Toronto in May between Boston and Broadway, a New York Times reporter found him the picture of confidence. "Bernard Slade did not look like a man with a headache," wrote the *World's* reporter, "and his apprehensions, after all, he was playing for much higher stakes this time: not money, but serious recognition." By the time I got to New York," he sighed, "if he convinced they we'll get dramatic success and do not we will close in three days. It is a very tense, awful time."

Tribune played at Boston's old Colonial Theatre and the Beryl Alexander Theatre in Toronto, before going on to Broadway. Because the show sold out on the road, it turned a profit of \$277,180 on a total gross of \$779,151. The profit enabled Tribune's producer Morton Gorkoff to pay off the play's entire \$300,000 investment at the opening, right away. No other Broadway show within memory had ever paid off its investors so fast. In addition, there was a huge advance sale which would ensure Tribune's box-office success for months to come, and Paramount had guaranteed \$1 million for the movie rights in Tribune before the show even opened. So Tribune was an unqualified financial success. Only the first approval from the New York critics was needed and Bernard Slade might well have had immortality.

Sally, I was not so sure. The New York Times critic Richard Dyer left the Broadway Algonquin Theatre where the play opened early this month, went back to his office and wrote: "Tribune is a steady exercise in which an occasional feisty play or witty line surfaces and sinks and in which some valiant efforts by Jack Lemmon and upstart Slade." Everyone—Times, Newsweek, Walter Kerr writing in the Sunday Times—liked Jack Lemmon. But nobody thought much of the play. Only City Limits, the former Times critic who now writes for The New York Post, was able to muster any enthusiasm for it. He called Tribune "a fairly reliable."

Still, given the interest in Tribune, and his huge financial success, Tribune was a most certain to run successfully. After all, if nothing else, it's a play cast fully constructed to appeal to the Broadway audience, giving middle age in conflict with headstrong youth, and giving middle age for a change, triumph by the final curtain.

One suspects that deep down Slade



Slade attacking a tennis ball does paid

know he had not written a great play. Finally fired with a blank piece of paper and a Broadway audience eagerly awaiting his second play, Slade could not forsake a good laugh he couldn't simply search out the honest emotion within himself. He tried to believe Tribune to be a picturesque edge using comedy and drama. Tribune tumbled into a deep gorge of cynicism and unconvincingly—popular theatre has not given theatre

Slade has already beaten a retreat to his comedy. He has written a new play, *Slade*, about a couple who attempt to get involved with each other over a number of years, but always end up marrying other people. Slade says it is a bit of an over-the-top romantic comedy over-written and is called, understandably, *Romantic Comedy*. Also understandably, the play is reminiscent of *Some Time, Next Year*.

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The new masters

How the photographer's art finally came of age

By Tom Hopkins



Rubincoff paid \$1,200 for this 1935 photo of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, by Julia Margate Cameron. It's not worth twice that.

Dr. Arthur Rubenstein is strengthening the frames of photographs lined like soldiers along a track in his hallway in his suburban Toronto home. "The trouble with the new guys," he is saying, looking his eye back and forth along the straightened edge of a \$1,000 Edwardian photograph of the peacocks. "is that they don't sign and number their prints. So buying a photo by oneself there is like buying a power. If you like it, fine, but don't as just a means on your investment."

He shows a bedroom door against the changing theme from *Twelve Night* by or played by one of his five children and points to some of the subjects of his 30-photograph collection: "Take this Avedo Adams for example," he says, pointing a hand in front of a stark, minimalist detailed photo of a Mexican village at dusk.

result, a spectacular rise in prices. "Vintage photos are doing much better than gold as an investment," says Gary Michael Dault. Toronto radio producer, *Art Journalist* and one of the few Canadian artists to write anonymously about art photography. "I'm amazed at the prices I've seen them multiply. And it's not dealers that are pushing up the prices—it's market pressure. Collectors want vintage photographs."

To meet the demand, the last few years have seen the opening of three galleries specializing in photography in Toronto, two in Montreal and another three in Vancouver. Victoria and Seattle. Along with the opening of galleries, the photographic art market has seen an increase in the number and sales of art photography books. "Photography is an ever expanding sector," says Edward Bonita, managing art at Toronto's David Milne Books on Art. "We've had to move the books to the back of the store to make space." Besides picture books, authors are playing catch up on the usefulness of the medium (one even dealing with its philosophy, *the Photography*, by Susan Sontag, recently made *The New York Times* best-seller) and chain of photographic history. Princeton, N.J.'s *Art of the Photograph*, Kersey and Cameron, virtually unknown a few years ago, now sit the same tall of hanger as the eyes of knowledgeable collectors and bargain hunters at Quebec, price conscious and in the early aughts. As with the opening of galleries, the art photography collector's conversation today is spiced with stories of photos picked up in flea markets for a few dollars, pounds or Euros, sold for hundreds and thousands for thousands in the space of a few "thousand dollars" where a guy like me can see a piece of history, a quality art.

The concept that a photographic print can be considered museum quality is perhaps the most fundamental effect of the camera boom. Just four years ago, Geoffrey James, head of visual arts for the Canada Council, writing in a special photography section of *artforum* magazine observed: "Like the medieval miniature in its isolation from the forces of daily circulation, photography has for most of its life been valued as a higher estate than the merely useful and the popular. It has been doubly regarded as a form of art, where it was first developed in the 1830s, and 1840s. In Europe of ancient photography can be dated from 1839 with an advertisement in *Quelques Choses*, the most curious of all



"Seductive Dancer" (top left) was done by André Kertész in 1926; this modern print sells for \$475 at the Mirvish photo-gallery, which also has Henri Cartier-Bresson's 1934 photo, again a modern print at \$460. Henri Laugier's "Grand Prix de L.A.O.F.," a 1912 photo (below) is a fine "action" shot; it's worth \$550.



passion" had arrived in the city, capable of producing themselves in only four months—on many days only. More fannies occurred in 1985 with the invention of the Kodak box camera and early in the 30th century with the spare gun-t-bus photographs of Brighter and the lush back-alley social landscape photography of Robert Frank, Lee Friedlander and Garry Winogrand in the 50s and '60s. But generally photographs were ignored by the art community. Most observers agree the current boom has to do with accessibility. Painting and sculpture, they say, have shot beyond the financial limits of young collectors who are turning to photography for risk. Others point to the increasingly easy reach of the world of modern painting and sculpture that has forced confused collectors to flee to photography, a medium which Geoffrey James calls "a deeply conservative art, the last refuge of the naïf, the portrait and the landscape." A more obvious reason for the boom is simply that everyone is doing it. Jackie Onassis and Margaret Trudeau bubble, sunny afternoons in the nation's parks are punctuated by clicks of camera shutters, youngsters at rock concerts dangle thousands of dollars worth of Nikon from their necks. James Borzomai, curator of photographs at Otis's National Gallery, is succinct: "Photography collecting is merely another example of the desperate search for rarity. It probably began as an accident in 1964 as a



Rabinovitch and part of his collection. It's not just 10,000 words a picture is worth.

success in New York when a handful of amateur collectors and investors started buying up vintage photography and bidding up the prices. If they had started collecting before, there would probably be a better boom now."

One of the collectors who started early

and played to win at Arnold H. Crane, a goose-like Chicago lawyer with a shaved head and jutting ears. On a frosty spring evening he was perched on a chair at one end of the gymnasium-like expanse of the main gallery at Tower's David Mervin Gallery. He was at once to promote a show of his portraits of famous photographers and the gallery had prevailed upon him to speak in his machine-gun successful capacity

**Imperial. Distinguished rye.
Taste is the reason why.**



one of the most important vintage photo collections in North America. A whitebird and a dealer (the bounty of being \$150,000 is debt at one stage of his collection) he has amassed a veritable Smithsonian of photographic history stored in a bank vault in his Chaco mansion.

"Most of our clients are young professionals," says Lorinda Yarrow, 26, of Toronto's four-year-old Yarrow/Selmon Gallery. "They used to collect prints and now they collect photographs." Her gallery, just north of the fashionable Yorkville district, is specially small and painted to white with a line of black and white. Art prints at eye level on both walls. "Our prices for the best work by the best photographers have quadrupled anywhere from 300 to 1,000 per cent."

Like most galleries, her art selection pieces obtained for photos at Sotheby's in London and Christie's in Sotheby's in a past year.

Jane Curkin, 28, director of photography at Toronto's David Marmorek Gallery for the past four years, is about to launch a

'The Steerage,' by Alfred Stieglitz, is a classic of the early 20th century. Published post 1970, will take \$2,000

new photography gallery in Toronto. The Marmorek gallery now stores some 150 Canadian photography themes: most of whom he has seen or shown prints a year. "The direct evidence of some sort of beauty in the type of question the clients ask," Curkin says. "Especially about reproducibility. They're not as paranoid about it and." The confidence is due largely to the new popularity of reproducing vintage photographic paper.

Outside the bustling trade of Toronto, collecting is still developing. At Montreal's four-year-old Yagura Gallery, Michiko Yagura, 46, an energetic Japanese woman whose gallery is in a converted Marlowe St. row house, mounts some 15 shows a year. She recalls her last three years at Montreal's only private photography gallery is very close with only the past year showing any expansion in her base of 30 to 30 collections. "The centre is still in To-

ronto," she says. The picture is the same in the West which has galleries such as Victoria's Sevenson/Saskatoon's Photographer's Gallery and Vancouver's Nova. Says Nova Gallery co-owner Claude Beck, "Our minority is the 20th-century market but there still isn't a real tradition here of understanding photography as an art form."

Although Canadian institutional collecting clings along behind the increasingly active pace of the United States, there are signs of change. Both the Edmonton Art Gallery and Montreal's Musée d'Art Contemporain are beginning acquisitions which will now join James Keenleyside's 18-year-old collection of vintage photography at the National Gallery's Museum of Photography and the contemporary Canadian collection of the National Film Board. Still, however, currently lobbying the secretary of state for a national institutions dollar photography gallery (whereas in Toronto).

But from the point of view of museums, the reason for Canada at the World West at roughness that is currently driving up prices. Because there are few ground rules or accepted standards of resale value, resellers tend to use lower formula photography five to Geoffrey Hunt's opinion. "So a knowledge of their own ignorance." "I am much poorer for good photography," he says. Lorinda Yarrow "There's lots of confusion," agrees Michiko Yagura. "The problem is there's no communication between galleries and photographers, so it's difficult to create a context for an artist's work." Says Roseman, "Hundreds of topographical prints by Frances Bedford are still around. They should be going for \$25. Instead they're being sold for \$150."

Not less the search for a stronger strategy helped some contemporary photographers. "The idea that the boom in photo collecting is affecting the image photography is an illusion," says Geoffrey James Murray Sharp, 41, who shows at both the Yarrow/Selmon and Yagura Gallery and works as a writer for a cultural magazine, agrees. "You can't make a living selling art photos in Canada."

But some of the boldest Arthur Rubenstein's he has seen—legged under a large abstract of working images and yellow, and with the obvious enthusiasm of the owner through casual in focus focus photography books lingering over the photographs of his parents like a proud father whose children have made a mark in the world.

"Buying photos is one of the easiest investments around," he says, sitting atop a down-filled sofa. "All you have to do is look at a show, go on a library pick up a photo book and see if the image is there. If it is and it's interesting, then you buy it and you can't go wrong." He takes a sip of water. "But always buy what you like. Because then, if the market falls the fun and you can't estimate, you're always just look at it."

The World

Beyond the barriers of racism



As 35-year-old Allan P. Bakke enrolls in medical school this fall, the United States will be grappling with one of the most far-reaching and fundamental racial decisions in a generation. Last month, the Supreme Court handed down a judgment of *Solomon*. And the nation must now be a lot more careful about equality.

The best legal minds in the country predict a decade of judicial turmoil as the white issue of Regents of the University of California vs. Bakke is settled. It will be the case into the bulldozers for America's efforts to fight its history of discrimination in such social areas as education, employment, government and housing. From now on everyone must be equal and minorities cannot be arbitrarily more equal than others. There can be no overt "reverse discrimination."

From the very start Allan Bakke was never more than a step ahead, a pointer to a precedent. Tall, named and blond—he never disguised the race in public—Bakke had applied to medical school when he was 32. Older than most students he argued that if he had come late he was no less committed and he demonstrated an academic ability that showed a 3.51 on a scale of four—almost straight A's.

But Bakke was turned down by the University of California Medical School at Davis, while a admitted 36 out of 100 minority students

whose academic scores on the same scale averaged far lower.

The school claimed that most minority students grew up in ghettos where education is poor and that their development is retarded by discrimination. Thus different standards must apply. The only way to bring minorities, particularly blacks, into line with the rest of the population was to have a quota of places especially for them.

The Supreme Court, in a 5-4 vote, ruled in a somewhat contradictory decision that Bakke must be admitted to the medical school. On the other and more significant note they ruled—again by 5 to 4, though different judges were involved—that the California medical school program was overridable in its application and thus illegal under the Civil Rights Amendment.

But the ruling judges in both rulings—Associate Justice Lewis P. Powell Jr.—also made it clear that not all such "affirmative action" programs are wrong. Citing the situation at Harvard as an ideal, the court agreed schools might have race to attend when they decide when to admit, but they must not make more than a deciding factor.

Most American universities and professional schools operate some form of system to ensure places for minority students. The Civil Liberties Union estimates that as few as 10 per cent of these fall within the law as it has now been defined. The other 90 per cent will be able to change from white-

Disproving hyphenator (left) and happy Bakke: a judgment of Solomon



being strict, quotas to more flexible "on merit" arrangements. Most admissions before minority students will not suffer.

Harvard President Derek Bok says it seems as devoted to achieving "diversity in our student body" and that the admissions committee "has traditionally looked to criteria other than tests and grades" to assess students from all income groups and areas of the country.

"The decision will go down in history not for what it did but for what it didn't do," said Alan Dershowitz, professor of law at Harvard. He added: "A mother is entitled to read quotas are past affirmative action programs. The decision will make the job of admissions officers a lot harder. It will make them look at people in person, not as members of a group and not as compensated victims."

The major question that remains is how to decide how much race should weigh as a factor in selection. The next 10 years will see a long series of cases before the courts as the justices try to lay down guidelines. One of the most important will likely come next year as the Supreme Court decides to hear a white contractor who is suing to test the federal government's policy of giving 10 per cent of some of its major building



the blocks. Near identical problems will have to be faced in dealing with employment and housing procedures.

The mild opinion Minister Juanes Harry A. Mackinnon put this way: "In order to get beyond racism, we must first take account of race... and in order to treat some persons equally we must first treat them differently... the ultimate question as it was at the beginning of this language, is among the qualified how does one choose?"

This Sunday The New York Times chose to reply in its lead column it said "With conscience" WILLIAMSON OF TEXAS

MONACO

Sweet Caroline

If the mirrors on the wall in the royal palace in Monaco could talk they would, no doubt have laziest by now. Prince Rainier's family, though lacking in wealth has long had two treasures—the one a glacial blonde, the other her own shrewish Mediterranean daughter—and the media knows of their family life has become one of the more prominent navigating beams of the jet-setters rapidly flying world.

Well, that's all over now. Three days of ceremonial at the month's end proved as the 35-year-old Prince Caroline had been asking her mother, Princess Grace that she had growing worried she did have to borrow William's money to turn for the ball that turned off the cameras.

For entertainment value alone it had to be the royal marriage of the decade: Prince Charles, who preferred to stay home and mow a meadow of polo, was probably better known as well what it was his money. The bride's daughter from Philadelphia had long wanted him for a son-in-



law. She would have, until last Prince Henri of Luxembourg, but the last girl of a 30-year-old playboy who works (somewhat obscurely) with banks.

Prince John's path is the only other of Prince Rainier's private chapel has been by storm. He met Caroline at a dinner party given by mutual friends in 1975 and their slow burning romance has since spilled more heat than most other public events.

John was 17 and had already tried his first bacchanalia—before Caroline was wooed. The child of middle-class parents who divorced when he was six, he had long had a reputation as one of the jet-set's most capable body-builders. When he did not have it the eyes of Caroline's parents—was in mid career sufficient to win them their Prince's hand. Rainier's grandfather may have been a landowner but modern Monaco

John and a bride before (left) and after (right) left a signal that the prince married the great occasion.

rich on tourist income and building speculation—was greatly offended to learn that Rainier's father's claim to be descended from one of Napoleon's generals was ill-founded.

Love, however, found a way. Caroline served a year's suspension and finally was rewarded after parental setbacks at the Hotel Pierre in New York. John had tried to get on in prison there but found his way blocked by busy Monégasque security men and according to Hollywood columnist Jack Martin, Caroline cried for a week.

There were a few odd moments about however. The wedding, planned for Charles's 30th birthday, was held in the Grand Palais in the city's old casino. The trouble was said to have been an intimate occasion—the family and close friends. The trouble was said to have been an intimate occasion—the family and close friends. The trouble was said to have been an intimate occasion—the family and close friends.

But the Rainier's made to their jobs. The prince's mother, who forbade him to touch the money of the crown by selling securities and only on the Monday of the wedding week did the Prince quickly announce that his people might fly flags from their bedroom windows. C. says however such conflicting signs from the palace. Monaco's national herald's called publicity machine worked happily as the bed when from the throne room revealed around the world's press. "We lost in a couple of days of the good news we have had in over 20 years," said one courtier after.

Why the spooks' charter had to go

It was the case of the have failed say that nearly upset President Jimmy Carter. A Soviet agent, working under cover at the United Nations in New York, died despite a senior Pentagon official at a cocktail party and nonchalantly offered a large sum of money in return for secret information about nuclear missiles. No closer to home—just a churning proposition.

The Russian was easily expelled as someone not quite, but the episode set alarm bells ringing in the White House. For communists' legends indicate saw it as typical of what appeared to be a new phase in Soviet espionage—no longer a question of Carter's decision, according to Washington sources, the story behind the current forces over East-West espionage that has seen a revival of arrests and harassment in spying the cold-war and Moscow of Robert Joseph Harwell, a Soviet of F. Jay Crawford.

The U.S. concluded that the Soviet espionage activity had gotten out of hand to the extent that Moscow's agents—like the one of the party—were to use the words of an intelligence source, "spies taking inoperative operations that were virtually a provocation." But until early this year Washington abided by its tacit agreement with the Soviet Union to expect quality—not to prosecute—spies who were caught.

Then, several weeks after the U.S. expelled an agent who had been caught "red-handed," the Soviet Union issued an American diplomat who, on official travel, was not involved in espionage work. A throw the whole thing out of balance, explained a diplomatic source.

From that point on the pace quickened. In the next two months the United States arrested, tried and convicted two spies for spying, released, security secrets to Vietnam and expelled Vietnam's chief delegate to the United Nations. The Canadian

government, by now fully informed by the White House of the new rules in the diplomatic game, ordered 11 Soviet diplomats and other personnel home. In April, already N. Shevchenko, a Soviet courier employed at the United Nations secretariat and reported and elected to stay in the U.S. Intelligence sources said he was able to provide extra news information about Soviet activities in the U.S. and Canada.

In May, his agents arrested two Soviet employees of the United Nations and charged them with stealing secrets at U.S. submarine defenses. A third man who had diplomatic immunity was expelled. The arrests and charges were a sharp departure from protocol, but Carter had had enough and he wanted to send the Russians a clear message.

In relation the Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* published a detail of a year-old case in which they had discreetly expelled an attractive young American woman, obviously a CIA operative, caught planting money, position and cameras at the theater lobby door, a dead letter drop, for another agent to pick up. This Kremlin's new move was to arrest Crawford on charges of illegal currency dealings.

Much as it hurt if the president was forced to do it. The two new Russians charged with espionage were sent in jail pending trial. Carter agreed to let them go into the custody of the Soviet ambassador if Moscow would let Crawford a similar deal. Now it is likely that both sides will hold their hands down, harsh sentences—and their swap prisoners.

Nevertheless, American and Canadian diplomats and businessmen have been warned to be ultra careful when visiting the Soviet Union in order to avoid arrests. For the 10-hour flight may go on for some time yet. Washington hopes the Kremlin will see reason. But if it doesn't, says an ex-spookman. We have got to stop them talking round America as well as brass. The system has got to change.

From the Montreal Businessman Crawford and Harwell in Moscow



James Crawford affirms qualified

—contrast to minority businessmen even though these businessmen may not make the lowest bid.

The government is prepared to fight on the grounds that it is morally obliged to encourage minority enterprise. It is soon probable that the court will again rule against a word quota but allow officials to use discretion in dealing between low and

As the great day dawned, Monaco's 80-strong army of carabinieri went on full alert and the police, their lenses caulked, mounted guard on the crowded walls of the palace—jealously as reptiles caulk the 3,000 gaudium expected to cover the ceremony, somehow, from outside. Monaco even acquired an air force—two brand-new helicopters, whose job was to police what is one of the tightest air spaces. If necessary forcing down into the air any demonstration presumptuous enough to try for aerial pictures.

It all came right in the end, however. The 101-gun 38-year-old boy and his two decorated—body punctured by scars from the French secret chief *Francis De Mouchet* and America's own *Nathan B. Kupperman*—to honeymoon at an undisturbed destination. When they return they'll settle down in a posh apartment which *Francis* loved in the Avenue Bosquet in Paris; a room's throw from the Eiffel Tower. Caroline has already decorated the kitchen with a cherry motif and no doubt has been working late to improve her cooking. At last night she was a dark-haired, dark-skinned, slender, and—Antonio-style—charismatic. With a girl like that it's only natural she would like.

RAY DONOVAN

FRANCE

Tottering throne

When a cold named *Acemur* ramped to victory in Paris' prestigious *Prix de Jockey Club* last month, his owner, 39-year-old cotton king *Marcel Boussac*, seemed a shade more tranquilly fit to pick up the \$225,000 prize.

"It's the first good news the old man has had in months" smiled one *Paris* devotee, that the winnings were too little and too late for *Boussac*, in retirement, regretting such low earnings barely had to make the *millionnaire-de-la-faire* stable empire he created and managed with blind authoritarianism and *laissez-faire* apt for nearly three-quarters of a century.

At 60-year-old, in crêpe, he had spanned a lane across to act for his \$100-million personal fortune. *Boussac* loomed over the headlines as a solitary and



Prize winner: Boussac—no little, too little

poignant figure—one of the last of France's great self-made empire builders, a victim of the government's new hold line against aristocratic business and of his own old, grudgingly admitted, associate ways.

It was a self-denial to the title of the little *Château* owner's son who once came third into a fortune to legendry that it imposed the French phrase "such as *Boussac*." Settling up to the heart of France's manufacturing eastern *Vosges* region with only six workers, he had made his first million before he was 24 and with chance retail showman's flair, acquired his first *Radio-Royce* and a machine before the First World War. In 1918, he sawed his recovery by buying up a huge stock of war surplus canvas and expanding into the clothing industry.

In 1942, in his most daring fling of all, *Boussac* landed an unknown young designer named *Christian Dior* who joyously launched the New Look and was hailed for saving *Paris*' post-war fashion scene. By 1952 *Fortune* magazine cele-

brated him as the lord of France's largest textile empire, claiming \$350 million in sales. But by the mid-'60s, as cheap cotton exports from the Third World rose 27-fold, the French textile industry found itself beleaguered and most more than *Boussac's* 21-company conglomerate which had unaffably refused to diversify outside France.

As the grip began to falter, the first possession he gave was *Boussac's* Saint-Cloud racetrack where he once viewed his sick flying to victory from a private box. Then the lucrative Dior perfume went to the *Modi et Chaudron* champagne group (later *Modi et Hennessey*). Further cuts precipitated a flurry of factory closures which almost halved the peak 25,000 work force.

A series of rescue plans that somehow never made it into operation discouraged the government from continuing to shore up his fortunes and in May, already more than \$100 million in debt and losing a reported \$2 million a month, the group finally had to admit that it could not meet the month's payroll. A commercial bank immediately took the conglomerate into the hands of state receivers.

In a grand headline-grubbing gesture in June, *Boussac* announced he now would play life off to "inherit" his own personal fortune including the House of Dior, his conservative *Paris* daily *L'Espresso*, the money-making racing stables *Pain-Neuf*, two racing stables, his \$16-million old farm two luxury villas on the Riviera and his pet, four-legged money rabbit, the cat *Acemur*, which has a \$5-million stud fee.

The offer was half-sympathy but was turned down both decision by his creditors, who pointed out that there were already less in everything he was offering and that the \$100-million portfolio might cover his debts, but not the group's essential restructuring.

As his textile works staged sympathy strikes and demonstrators outside *Paris* headquarters, *Boussac* faced an offer by the Carter debt moratorium to buy Dior and—with the government willing only to list the house that he built there, the better to rebuild on—the cotton king was all but off his throne.

MARK MORGENTHAU

House of Dior—\$16-million bid

People

The Opposition and the press called it "parti physionomie" and the *Secrétariat* called it elegant boundary reform and academics will likely call it textbook political action. Whatever the label, *Bill Bennett's* 8 C. Secord recently took it to the new Opposition by pulling the mid-air out from under three of the party's strongest performers. Sent into the wilderness were former cabinet ministers *Norman Laro* and *Bill King*, and Canada's best-known black feminist politician, *Bessie Brown*, who provided what few blacks were at the 1975 new federal lead-



Brown "disfranchised" but not defeated

ership net. Their rulings were dissolved following a report on electoral redistribution completed by Judge L. S. Eckhardt himself a delirious Secord candidate in 1986. The *Stinky* Mrs. Brown's unswerving, ungrateful, response: "The government has degraded me but I am not altered."

As if *Polhemus* Minister *Roméo LeBlanc* didn't have enough trouble with helicopter-riding *Midwesterners* and *Bygone* Minister promising the *Newfoundland* and hunt now he is facing a new bid from an unlikely source in *Nashville* *Tanya Tucker*, 39-year-old queen of *guitar* country ballads, after winning the ice boat in the *Magdalen Islands* last winter. *She* couldn't lose and won't do and brought out a lucky-chucking country using called *Saw Me* (Sample lyrics: "I'm just a newborn baby and I'm starting to grow") *Trying*



Tanya and blunder, new me

in *marriage* by her home in the *House* (Some say 80 improved) was the *Animal* *Protestant* and *Protestant* that she was asked to become this year's honorary chairman of the anti-voting campaign. Nor is her interest in our four-legged (or fow-legged) friends casual. In addition to the dogs and cats on her 2,500-acre *Nashville* farm, *Tanya* once tried to make a pet out of a three-month-old *Bengal* tiger.

In 1944 concert pianist *Erwin Wyss* (his first name was not right at all) was on a Hollywood movie one play back but starring in a security 3-movie called *The Soul of a Member* about an evil pianist who drove people to crime. It was the last of an extraordinary career which saw him playing for *England's* *Queen Mary* in a prodigy in 1911 and enduring one marriage. Today, at 75 after years of working in their spare time, he is setting the classical concert community charging and has become the target of a large of media attention. Re-discovered by a musical architect that year he will soon sign a major recording contract with *CBS* records. *Admirers* though will have to wait to see him in concert. He is content to stay in his cheap San Francisco hotel room and refuse to play in public. "A concert is brutal," he says the pianist, "like someone choking me."

Like it or not, one of the enduring images of the '60s will likely be the war-painted face of ex-Yippie *Abbie Hoffman* leering out in a pose from his New York City or other. Today he is languishing in the *Sophomore* world of the U.S. "under-

Hoffman in the '70s Yippie prison

ground" after disappointing following a 1974 book for allegedly selling cocaine. *Abbie Hoffman* after *Ontario* traces what he calls Hoffman's "psychic poetry" and feeling strongly that he should be blessed with it again, has headed together with several other fans to form the *NAAC* (Newly Abbie Home Countries). They have already rented *New York's* *Felt* Forum and *London* for a fund-raiser on August 23. *William* *Kennedy*, quietly concerned in *New* *Left* circles for his defiance of the *Chicago* *Seven*, has recently been in contact with the anti-rack *Freddie* and *meets* in that, "best thing is perfectly clear, *Abbie* *Hoffman* is back to crime home."



Business

A quiet bidder sends the auction astray

Chalked on the press conference blackboard was the question: "Bob, do you want to buy any Husky shares today?" Sidney Robert Blair smiled but wasn't pulling out his wallet. Because the man who beat out the big boys yesterday to build the Canadian portion of the Alaska Highway pipeline last year had repeated his underdog role. He led all the Husky shares he needed to avoid both Occidental Petroleum Corp. of Los Angeles and Petro-Canada, the state-owned oil company, swarming for lower after the two spent most of June in fruitless auction bidding that became fabled Husky Oil Ltd. take-over attempts.

Starting quietly with holdings of less than 5 per cent at the beginning of June, Blair's firm, the Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. Ltd., increased its holdings to 35 per cent of Husky stock at the closing two weeks ago on U.S. exchanges in some 3.8 million shares, spending \$190 million before trading was halted in the final days of June.

After two days of talks in Calgary with

Husky officials Blair, 48, president and chief executive officer of Alberta Gas Trunk Line, was looking on at the television highlights of a press conference, positively gleeful with his success and winning off his challengers. He won't, he says, go for 50 per cent ownership and someone else will win it. At the same time, he will insist that Occidental not be permitted to take his seat at Husky's financial command center, leaving only foreign ownership of petroleum companies in Canada.

Smiling and smoking long dark cigarettes Blair answered questions for about an hour in downtown Calgary's Bow Valley Square auditorium, looking like the cat who swallowed the canary. The new Husky position has him own company and his leadership in Portland Pipe Lines elevates Blair to the apex of the Canadian oil and gas industry. While the changes in Husky's future won't be known until more resolutions are made by management considered by AGTL, it's a new one to the firm begun by Alberta-born Glenn E. Nielsen, the 72-year-old Husky chairman who bought Park Refining Co. at Cody, Wyoming, January 1, 1938, renaming it Husky Refining Co. Then Husky converted to a 500-share unitary refinery, an oil lease portfolio, 400 leases a day and 19 refineries.

Today Husky is worth \$680 million, has 7,700 employees, builds major heavy oil refineries in Saskatchewan, Alberta and the United States, 202 billion cubic feet in proven gas reserves, five refineries and 368 retail outlets.

Nielsen, Nielsen now his 47-year-old son and president of Husky, James E. Nielsen, who held along with Glenn's wife, Olive, 18 per cent of Husky, were present with Blair at the news conference, but relations between the Nielsens and Blair are friendly. Blair and his wife spent the rest of the day joining Husky officials in Calgary



Robert Blair (top) ended up with 35 per cent of Husky, and John Nielsen (bottom right) ending over 50 per cent.



meeting employees, a visible assurance of togetherness and job security. They will be down on Husky's shoulders for the takeover, but they have been in the federal government and the governments of Alberta and Saskatchewan to discuss heavy oil development.

Blair and the Nielsens seek for participants to develop that national oil history at an Lloydminster oil center estimated up to \$1 billion, they will welcome Blair says private sector participation and "will be highly receptive to developing such ventures with Petro-Canada and with Occidental."

It was Peterson included in 1976 that began the bidding for Husky's last 10 to 40 to share, \$10 above market prices then. The necessary papers had not been prepared, but president W. H. Hopper was surprised when the Nielsens did not accept and might Occidental (Oxy) and a consortium.

Oxy offered \$30 a share and was approved by the Husky board. Petro-Canada, which offered \$25 a share, was rejected. Blair offered \$35 a share, but the board rejected it. Blair's offer was approved by the Foreign Investment Review Agency. Again the Husky board favored the Oxy offer worth \$387 million to Petro-Canada's \$361 million.

Blair in the weeks following was Robert Blair and Nielsen, ready and able to move on the open market when Peterson couldn't. According to Hopper, "Once we

Even before Peterson made his surprise first bid, others had been poised to swoop down on Husky's resources for the takeover. But because many observers felt a woman's proceeding quickly enough with development of the 16 million acres of land and 16 billion barrels of heavy oil around Lloydminster, the oil center in the river AGTL, turned down an approach by a Calgary-based group to lead a take-over consortium.

Blair and AGTL were ready to go alone when Peterson offered \$30. Knocked off balance, Blair and AGTL, recovered quickly and, bolstered by a \$170 million special line of credit from the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Bank of Montreal, went on the open market through the American Stock Exchange to gain its 35 per cent holding.

Blair's acquisition was highlighted by the development because the Nielsens were not cheerful about a federal take-over. And behind Blair, there's someone that's probably allowing himself a slight smile. It's Robert Blair, the 47-year-old son of the 72-year-old chairman, John Nielsen. Blair would have been dealt out of any major role in the Lloydminster development. With his friend Robert Blair in the background, Lloydminster's position is unclear. "We're really interested in it," he said when AGTL's position became public. "But there's no involvement," waiting speculation that Alberta's \$1.4 billion Heritage Fund had a hand in the buy up, but not ruling out future participation.

Blair and AGTL are well known for their connections with governments and government bodies and are already participating with Petro-Canada in the high Arctic and as a 40 per cent partner in Q & M Pipelines Ltd., with applications to extend to present natural gas pipelines east from Montreal.

The government, Ottawa sources say, has been involved in the takeover, but it's not in the picture, private enterprise is happy, the nationalists are pleased, and Lloydminster development will likely go ahead.

But it is not so clear in the depths of the takeover. Blair is just getting used to saying his first oil company credit card—Husky. He knows with some pride that in his first public role, he has helped to build a new company, a new ownership of Husky from 50 per cent to about 90 per cent. A fitting occasion, he feels as Canada celebrates its 111th birthday. "It was really you did this during Canada Week," someone said to him in Calgary. "Nice of them," he replied. "The old Canada Week is all right." BOB KENNEDY

WITH BERNARD KENNEDY

It's a boom, not a bomb

It was a report that seemed to adhere to the possibility. The government said it was a week, crisis, including some in government were called because was

started development would occur, environmentalists' fears were allayed. The report released in the early 1980s by a respected judge, listed the Saskatchewan court of appeal, followed 16 months of study after Saskatchewan Premier Allan Rockwell established an inquiry on environmental development in the province.

The report was expected to be in operation by the year 2000, although it was in the northern world's housing boom 30 per cent of Canada's was in western and 5 per cent of the world's worth \$45 billion in current market prices. Husky's long-term commitment to a province's long-term development program of resource development that could guarantee its \$440-million enough to finance property to make Alberta's boom look real.

While agriculture is responsible for 32 per cent of all the goods produced in Saskatchewan, Husky looks ahead to resources. "Fossil, minerals, oil and coal will bring about a much greater role of oil and gas and stability for Saskatchewan and over time a significant increase in the overall wealth of the province," it says. In 1975 when Husky began its take-over of one-half of the province's petroleum industry a consortium of three French companies Amek Limited, was looking to develop large deposits of uranium in Cliff Lake. The oil was not yet being sold, it was in the ground. Uranium prices were skyrocketing in the wake of the energy crisis and Husky argued that uranium—along with petrol—was just what Saskatchewan's boom-bust agricultural economy needed. A range of critics group wanted to know that uranium in the ground and some jury decisions would decide whether some of Saskatchewan's uranium might end up in a bomb soon or later.

Husky dodged the nuclear matter by itself by selling a nuclear reactor as new mines and calling the industry inquiry into the Cliff Lake matter as well as all aspects of developing the province's uranium. The inquiry attracted the province's attention to hundreds of people, including uranium from dozens of environmental groups. In the end the inquiry developed a report that said uranium development in Saskatchewan should be "a national judgment," he remained. "Nationally aimed at." He gave the report to the province's minister of natural resources, who said it was a "Cliff Lake" but not an explosion of uranium throughout the province's north.

Revenues and losses will bring Saskatchewan as much as \$5 billion in the next 25 years. And since the province is the Saskatchewan Mining Development Corporation, has the option to own up to 50 per cent of all future mines, there'll be a handle in that profits too. A heritage fund similar to Alberta's has already been set up to manage the wealth. And who knows? Saskatchewan's uranium could be mined with gold—made from uranium, petrol and oil and coal—all from the same province. NORMAN DOUGLAS FOR THE STAR



Husky



If golf is a hymn in praise of capitalism, the Canadian Open hit all the wrong notes

Column by Roy MacGregor

Unintentionally the best thing that could be said about the 1978 Canadian Open was the weather. For four days a hot June sun rolled over Oakville's Glen Abbey golf course, and day after day the best professionals in the world showed more ability in reading the unbelieved winds of higher temperatures than the usual level of the grass. Only one man, the ultimate winner Tom Weir, looked like he was "green up setting pins"—was able to break par, and did so by a mere stroke. Only one other, Californian Pat McCloskey—an Oltre-Nicholson close to one of himself that he says "self-anger" as a hobby—managed par, and he barely managed, at times playing as erratically as a man's night on the town. Yet, in the end, even there were a few things worth seeing away from the actual scoreboard. There was Doug Ford, twice a Canadian Open winner, dabbling for an airport job on Friday and yelling back over his shoulder that the tough Jack Nicklaus-dominated course was hardly fit for a golfer. There was Jeff Hearn, a so-called three 18-hole flag pole leading the tournament for five days and then playing the last two in a snail's pace, so much so that he was the only one to reach the clubhouse. There was actually cheered for walking up a hill one day—fuming on the practice tee when someone asked him if he considered himself a serious contender. And there was George Burns, who had to hold his breath as gently as his wife as he played a misplaced punch shot from atop the backside of some of the Glen Abbey clubhouse.

Best of all, though, particularly for those who became so bored with the play they decided they'd rather read that someone was Canadian Open '78, a supplement published by several local papers. In it, pages Armin A. Alchian, a professor of economics at UCLA, set out as proof that golf is the perfect analogue for capitalism. Or, as Alchian put it, both the game and the system are "a manifestation of the essential human spirit"—a phrase that would do even Alvin Karpis proud. "Golf's own principles, rules and procedures of play are... antithetical to socialism," Alchian declared. "Golf requires individualism, independence, responsibility, integrity and trust. No extraneous or imposed interference, outside or incompetent." Obviously, the article went to press before the Canadian Open.

Professor Alchian's amazing and convincing proof for his theory is simply that no golf courses exist in the Soviet Union.

(There are no skateboards either, so there may be no balls.) And around Glen Abbey certainly there was a great many conclusions to Alchian's theorem. \$750,000 in

prize money (the prize is \$250,000 now, since which just may keep pace with the falling dollar) a draw on a new Lincolnton, dollar holidays. There was even a class system, beginning with the very lowest level, the paying spectator and working all the way up to an elite whose members were conventionally identified by white hats and white shoes. For a mere \$10 a day anyone in this free world could come and he held when he sat up and when he moved. And on the last four days only one man actually fought the system. But it was very hot and he'd been trapped on a narrow bridge with a few hundred other contestants for many minutes, which may explain why he looked up onto the sky and shouted, "I didn't drive. 30 miles to stand here and small airports." Over there he'd have gone to the toll man. Well, an old man in a uniform happily held up a pencil that said "Welcome R.R." and that was that.

Said to say for Professor Alchian, though, the capitalist theory of golf had shown its worth a week as did the Canadian golf professionals, none of whom saw the half-way point of the tournament. To be accurate, his point that "no extraneous or imposed interference" had Alchian mentioned the 19th hole, he would have discovered that Tom Putnam's practice tee shot ended off a spectator's leg into the cup for a hole-in-one. Or Alchian's statement that "No opponent" is all or all moments affects his performance." Had the professor been in the clubhouse on Sunday he could have heard Les Trevino, last year's champion who should have beaten Leslie, this year he had not attended on the last few holes say "Good thing I hit a 4-put away."

All around Glen Abbey the system broke down—not only did the nobles lead and was the under backed up in the clubhouse which meant that even those in the royal boxes on the roof had to leave their manual position and line up with the riff-raff for the portable phone. Poor poor Professor Alchian. There was even a report that—because help him—the Soviet Union is planning a golf course 20 miles outside of Moscow to be ready by the early 1980s. And to add a little salt to the wound, it may have come about thanks to Richard Nixon, the darling of capitalism himself, who once foolishly gave a confused Leningtiner a golf cart for a present. Now that Alchian knows they'll have invented the game, So professor's back to the Minsky board for you.

Winner Leslie: no more golf



Floating through life

What Canadians will do to stay above water

By John Atkinson

Can you always tell the man from the boat? Is the difference in the price of their cars?

There is an ancient law, uncodified but invariable, which states that a ship of two colours are within sight of each other they are racing. Surprisingly, perhaps, this has proven to be true for the same, so it is limited to a certain number of boats. It is one of the basic principles of racing, which has been a part of Canadian life since the 19th century.

We are talking about the man and woman who will spend \$10,000 to \$20,000 or much more money for a boat which will only then be spent a very few dollars on the rest of the boat. They are the men and women who are the most flamboyant of the racing community when they are out on the water, and they are the most successful of the racing community when they are out on the water.

Which is why, because most sailors can hardly identify with a man like Bob Walden, a 44-year-old Winnipeg publisher and amateur racer. Walden built his off a floating house, a 12-by-16-foot Skanska and played out to carry him through central Winnipeg on the shallow waters of the Assiniboine River. He has no sail, but rather does he carry an engine. A 10-horsepower, he says, a large pole that he carries with the engine.

"We exchange conversation with people on the bank just as we do on the water," Walden says. "We don't think that it's Mackenzie King still in office" or "Would this be America?" and they come down with drinks to the bank."

Boating is the most popular of activities. There's a group called the Small Ship Society in Vancouver which offers plans for converting night-dock dinghies into miniature square-rigged frigates, converting fish-transporting boats into Dinghies, and so on.

Walden, a 44-year-old publisher, which he built his house on the Assiniboine River. He has no sail, but rather does he carry an engine. A 10-horsepower, he says, a large pole that he carries with the engine. "We exchange conversation with people on the bank just as we do on the water," Walden says. "We don't think that it's Mackenzie King still in office" or "Would this be America?" and they come down with drinks to the bank."

also making absolutely nothing," says Walden. "It's like buying a boat, in the way and trying to fill it up with money. The way are kind of saying, 'But there, in many ways of floating without borrowing. And when investment is required it's usually without. It may be, for people are buying more boats, but it's a very slow, steady, and the price is rising and it's

This year he earned \$10,000 to \$20,000, which he will be able to use in the future. He has a 12-by-16-foot Skanska and played out to carry him through central Winnipeg on the shallow waters of the Assiniboine River. He has no sail, but rather does he carry an engine. A 10-horsepower, he says, a large pole that he carries with the engine. "We exchange conversation with people on the bank just as we do on the water," Walden says. "We don't think that it's Mackenzie King still in office" or "Would this be America?" and they come down with drinks to the bank."

C & C Yachts of Oakville, Ont., the largest and most successful Canadian sailboat manufacturer, sells 80 per cent of its boats in the U.S. and has opened plants in Rhode Island and Europe. "But it's been a



ough year," says chief operating officer Bob Forsay.

People generally pay for a small open-cockpit day under out of savings. But a growing midsize—the highly successful Quebec-built Taser 21 for example—can sleep four people and therefore doubles as a substitute summer cottage. Such craft are often bought with borrowed funds like most and there are the sales that have been falling off.

The same thing is happening in the powerboat industry. Doug Downes, of Downes Marine of Lake Simcoe, says "the market is very poor for a under \$100,000 package." But he has sold three used 40-footers at more than \$100,000 apiece and a new 46-footer for \$250,000. In that case, Michael Friel of the White Knight Marine Sales says, "people are price-conscious but they're not looking for economy. They will be buying larger engines and more expensive boats. There's those who have money are spending it."

Vancouver and other parts of British Columbia have it right: one of the fastest growing is the week-end and a 15-month season. On any day, at any time of year, there will be people making long drives to boats. Racing week—three long, slender, narrow, sleek—put out from the



Peter and Leslie Fisch, at work on a Peardragon, who is making a name for himself?

Vancouver. Racing Club and there is a weekly drive as much as out for anyone between Seattle and Montreal. Near the Bowdoin line there are large houses and even offices and further up the coast are the houseboats which the government of North Vancouver is trying to save

are harsh and anything. There is just not enough boat. You take a lot of water on the cockpit. I'm impressed says Morkin who is also a director. Coventry sums it up. "There's nothing wrong with that boat that a major rebuild won't fix it."

Boat at 45, his name is Bruce before he folds his hands together places them under his chin and listens at the formal board of directors meeting at the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club in Cornwall. He knows the new boat is a quite right yet, but it will be ready for next year's market. A 14 foot dinghy for the family man, a boat he threw on the car roof and took the family sailing in at a price aimed at the mass market, perhaps \$1,685. It will be longer than the Taser, a competition model that retails for \$2,020.

All three of the boats are geared for the masses, with hulls around 130 pounds giving portability as well as performance. He also knows the new boat's performance is to another market which like the Taser. I've stopped thinking that way. I don't want to see a new boat designed as first one. Because of the low cost (\$995 in 1971, \$1,250 today) there was an instant community of Laser sailors and people like to join communities.

This year worldwide consolidated sales from nine plants manufacturing the Laser and Taser, in Florida, Canada, Quebec and the world, will be \$16 million. Compared with the Laser, people think the Taser must have been a great disappointment to us says Bruce. But the Taser community just isn't apparent yet.

removed because of sewage problems. In English Bay, the windward shore back and forth off Kaituma Beach and a sailboat race is underway. There are a dozen yacht clubs, and two years ago *Starline* Canada reported 152,000 households in the province had one or more boats of one kind or another, meaning fully one-fifth of the population could take to the water in any year. There are more powerboats than sailboats but this has been changing, and with some of the larger fleets concerned gasoline at the rate of four gallons per hour the balance may shift in the past years.

There are, as well, several racing competitions which will provide people down the Fraser and other white-water rivers. Bruce Cline, 63-year-old veteran kayaking enthusiast, says there are probably 20,000 people in the province. One of them is a Celine Gubelin, who is not himself, of office workers paddles up Indian Arm, southeast of Vancouver, or takes her 15-foot Fiberglass Chateau canoe to Wells Gray Provincial Park in the Interior. "Canoeing is simply very relaxing," he explains. "You have more freedom and flexibility than with power or sailboats, and it's better than hiking."

Musicians are at least happy in any of an area, not content with their own 100,000

For now, Bruce and his associates are concentrating on putting the finishing touches on the new boat. The one that is armed at the leisure market they missed with both the Laser and the Taser. Then there's always the next boat. Today says Bruce, "the company has decided to go together and to go for the next boat. You know there are 70,000 Laser owners out there, probably with an average age of 32. They're not going to want to sail Lasers all their lives. I think there is a huge product ready market." *—Maggie Egan*

The ultraperformant Laser model actually out of "The Green Tycoon," built by Bruce and his firm.



boats and rivers, still happily over to waterways in Northern Ontario, and even paddle up to the Northwest Territories. "We've had to come through Western Canada since the 1960s," says Harry Simons, 32, a Winnipeg canoe dealer and enthusiast. "It's the finest canoeing country in the world. Ontario has the lakes and Manitoba has the water. It's a dramatic experience."

Canoeing is demanding and can be painful, but its rewards are great. About 20 Manitoba groups are expected to set aside two months this summer for the 125th anniversary trip between The Falls and York Factory on Hudson Bay. Some will push on into the N.W.T. "It's rough, mean country," says Simons. "You've got to have your act together to paddle up there."

There are larger crafts on Lake Wabigoon but the word seems to be toward smaller boats for fishing and family parties. No one is saying that the big motorboat has gone the way of the dinosaur, but it's leveling off because it's getting too expensive, according to Gary Markley, manager of Par 7 Sports Marine in Winnipeg. "The average family owning outboard, with a 70-horsepower engine, averages \$5,000."

Samson observes that it's unlikely the motorboat will hold its own with either the water or the winds. "It's like some modern and cross-country skis," he says. "They find it hard to meet."

Sailboats, for some reason, have always dominated Toronto's harbor and, to some extent, the whole western end of Lake Ontario. There are many powerboats, including several expensive ones based at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, but on a Sunday afternoon there may well be a thousand sailboats moored near shore, with many more out on the lake. It's the most popular hobby in getting a boat built and that can take several years.

Sailing was, not many years ago, a rich man's hobby making close to one million a mistake in both one real estate. It was also—and still is—one of the most expensive of recreations. While was crew, maitre d', galley slave or whatever and, usually, of course, was skipper or captain. Peter and Leslie Fisch are working in Toronto on the hull of their vintage Nova Scotia, sloops built in the 1930s near Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. "It's an equal partner," she says, "but the stereotype is evident in remarks of presently." Such remarks, inevitably addressed to her husband, are along the "you're going to make a mistake of buying a vintage sailboat." Leslie was sailing before her husband took it up.

It was the discovery of Fiberglass which demonstrated sailing, making mass production possible in what had been a painstaking and costly craft. He and Simons could be viewed as late comers, and one of the things they see in the past. This is a post-war development and there are old dechards (people) traditionalists who

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may with elderly wooden boats, some of them—Dragons, Tynarons—40 and 50 years old. They're likely to dry out, they're expensive to maintain, but don't—no denying their beauty. The change to plastic boats brought changes in design: some of these sailboats' boats became chunky, designed for great cabin comfort rather than sleek profile that so many of the old wooden boats have.

They also became flatter and, with wind-tunnel tests and computer designs, more efficient. The problem (flying pusher designs) is "heel speed," an arbitrary and arbitrarily compared speed beyond which a given hull cannot go. It has to do with simple physics, the mass of the hull and its water-hull length and the interaction or interference between hull and water. Modern sailboats such as George Fife Astor's 12-Boater will in calm conditions sail out of the water and plane, giving them speeds beyond "ballasted." These are concerns of high concentration, let's be candid—

Tony Tolman, wind surfing at Toronto's waterfront



Watson and friends breakstealing on the Astoria (above) and Flinders atop on Lake Ontario (below) getting the record, who came in nearly all the fun



ing thing when a son and a half of sailboats off. George Fife Astor's 12-Boater powerboat dominated and many great "crusies" are moved at various moments. They are badly named, though, because the one they rarely do a cruise. They are racing cruises in the 140,000 and up class and do periodic shore-to-shore electricity to operate air conditioners and heaters. Sometimes they'll hammer out of harbor, overtake a tugboat to ashore to spot anchor and captain and crew will swim and number until it's time to get back to start the barbecue.

And then there's wind surfing, or sail-surfing, or board sailing—whatever it's called it's probably the hottest thing on the water this summer. For something like \$500 you get a surfboard with a sail mounted on a board, a windboard, a sign bar and—till and combination is needed—every you go to speeds possibly over 20 mph.

"It's a high-speed, high-toil sport," says Ben London, 35, president of Surf-Snag Canada, a new Toronto company producing the boards since March. Business is good but London doesn't expect many converts from the sailboat fraternity—

"they don't like the indignity of falling in the water."

There are no officially sanctioned boating communities on Lake Ontario yet, but there are growing numbers of people who live on their boats during the summer. John and Carol Karpow, with their 11-year-old Wayne, and Carol Nelson, have been living on their 26-foot sloop for a little more than a year and hope to do some cruising in the Caribbean. For the moment John, a former yacht manager at Sea, ("We can't have a credit manager floating about") is at sea, qualifying for his Master's Papers.

"People don't understand people who live on a boat," says Carol. "They think you're a bit strange." But then there are people who think anyone who owns a boat is strange, and sometimes they're right. On the East Coast boaters won't get a pasture it's a tradition. There are few

places in the world that can match Nova Scotia either for its boats or for the variety of its sailing and boat-building traditions. Without the Maritime, what would Canada put on its plate?

With a resurgence of the sailing industry there is now work in the boat building industry and currently 50 yards are active, the ship designer and builder James D. Remberg of Amherst, N.S. wonders how long he'll be able to maintain his range of historic cruising boats. He constructs the work out to three or four parts, but the most time the work are in their 60s and once they're gone he thinks it will be the end of the tradition of boat-building.

For anyone willing to spend anywhere from \$10,000 to \$300,000, however, a Remberg-designed, hand-built yacht is a home as well as a pleasure-cruising ship. His boats come equipped with everything from sophisticated navigation equipment to chandeliers and queen-sized beds.

And the history of it is that you can't afford a Remberg, why, you can't drive of the dry up well. You can drive in the dock of a smaller craft, or the stern of a canoe or on a raft in a river. That's what sailing—any kind of boating, for that matter—is all about. ☐

Games

The Tortoise and The Hare

There are times when Soviet defense Viktor Korchnoi, the world's second-ranked player, would rather play a game of chess than a game of chess. To hear him tell the story, in their efforts to throw off his game, the Soviet authorities arranged a famous automobile accident on day before a crucial match, and then threatened letters, and even beatings—"death rays" at his dining games. But in Henry Karpow's chess, even a paradoxical chess match—which means up Korchnoi's friendship with Anatoly Karpov, the current world chess champion. The two adversaries will meet once again this July in the Philpott world chess of Baguio City in a side contest with a grade quotient roughly equal to the A1 sports coach. Korchnoi views the confrontation as far more than a battle for chess supremacy. For him, both players are pawns on the larger chessboard of international diplomacy. "To consider it a political task to show the world that only in the West can you play chess normally."

Politics aside, the rivalry between the two men is undoubtedly their personal one. Karpov, 27, is the Russian equivalent of a Queen's knight, the darling of Soviet officials. Sly and retiring, he studied economics in Moscow University but little else as a career as his personal life. "He plays chess, collects stamps, and loves his mother and father," says Dave Dunlop of New York's Marshall Chess Club. In contrast, Korchnoi, now 46—has had a reputation in a brief career as his first opponent the world chess player in the '70s. He has been champion of the Soviet Union for fourteen and ended his defection in 1976, he has beaten three Soviet grand masters to win the right to challenge Karpov. But Korchnoi has made nearly as many head-



long away from the chessboard. During the early '80s the Soviets were constantly reprimanding him for worldly rakishness ranging from gambling at a casino in Cuba to spicing a young woman to be the subject in West Germany.

Not surprisingly, the two men's chess styles reflect their lifestyles. Karpov is a cautious conservative player, a brilliant tactician who prefers to prepare a good defense rather than attack an opponent too soon. Some critics, Korchnoi included, have accused Karpov of being content to play for draw. But US grand-master Robert Byrd disagrees. "Karpov can be provoked to take risks. At the moment danger, he means clear of it. He doesn't care if you don't crush him, he'll get you in the next." Korchnoi, long regarded as the greatest counter-attacker in chess, plays

an aggressive game with suicidal flourishes—often in long obvious chance battles to have an opposite side to draw.

Korchnoi's strategy failed the first time he and Karpov looked down to 1974. Karpov, being greeted by the Soviets as the world's best back then, American chess genius Bobby Fischer, managed to beat Korchnoi by one point. Never one to accept defeat gracefully, Korchnoi publicly complained that Karpov had "a very poor chess sense" and predicted that Fischer would overcome him. Cheesely, Fischer refused to agree on rules for the chessboard match and Karpov won the title by default. Experts are giving the younger man the odds to win the rematch, a playoff that will continue until one man wins six games. Korchnoi may be the scintillating favorite in noncommittal encounters but even his supporters doubt that a 46-year-old man can stand the strain of playing five hours a day for the two or three months it may take to win.

Karpov (top) and Korchnoi, playing 25 simultaneous games, a clash of styles



Whatever does win the Philpott chess match will not settle the question of who is the best chess player in the world. The man most experts agree is undoubtedly the best player that will be nowhere near Baguio City when Karpov and Korchnoi meet. Bobby Fischer will probably stay secluded in his basement apartment in Pasadena, California, shudders drawn even during the day to live the curious. He has not played publicly since his remarkable defeat of Boris Spassky in 1972, his reputation for imagination and technical expertise unchallenged. Should Fischer return to competition, most believe there is little question about what he would do to the technician Karpov or the maverick Korchnoi. As his former teacher John Collins put it perhaps candidly, "Bobby could beat them both—simultaneously."

BY CHRIS TOPHER

As Great Leaps Forward go, Laurin's ranks between stumble and pratfall

Column by Mordecai Richler

Some years back, if a usually reliable source is to be credited, God, a reportedly seer-like type, engaged Abraham to sacrifice Isaac, his only son, as a proof of his love, but at the last moment provided a ram for a burnt offering in the boy's place. Similarly, the Liberals, I've heard, derailed Canada's plans to move into the back seat and bring forth a cultural manifesto that many feared would put paid to English-speaking Quebecers, but relented at the last moment, sending his servant back to rescue again and again, and was finally satisfied with two volumes of unadorned-of-Bureaucracy Ministry of Cultural Development Policy for Quebec. As a consequence, it seems unlikely that Laurin's and will endow as the years of history, but he has now been established beyond doubt, as Canada's leading doctor of broad-based bilingualism. Given the comparison to Ottawa and elsewhere, this remains a considerable accomplishment.

All politicians are suspect but a 56-year-old politician, formerly a parliamentarian, who is self-willed even to dye his hair black, is necessarily more suspect than most. Camille Laurin, Quebec's minister of multilingualism and cultural development, was elected on the main-manifesto evaluation of Fall 1981, a somewhat sinister presence. But this time out he has revealed his true nature and it seems to me that Montreal, home of the New-Quebecers, sitting with borders into the St. Lawrence.

A note inserted into the English version of *A Cultural Development Policy for Quebec* goes out to inform that "This manifesto has a title with great care." If that's the case, the title the editors that everywhere should be refreshingly bilingual.

Imagine M. Laurin, and the brightest and best he could gather as executive, poetised and debated for months before they came up with some of the following points:

- (1) "... both sex and age are the result of natural laws. We do not choose our sex. We do not choose to grow old."
- (2) "... we are people."
- (3) "The Quebecer, wherever, children make great demands on adult energies."
- (4) "Adolescents make up a large proportion of our population."

portion of our population."

All these uncollected fireworks in Volume 1 which we are told on the very first page of Volume 2 were "thrust" into thought-provoking." Digging into the better thought-provoking. I hope I would now go into the rest of it, these original, even isolated ideas which will set our camp and for all why Quebec is so different from the rest of an and most separate or culturally perish.

After M. Laurin's proclamation following French's disavowal of it came like a

standstill or an escape." Therefore they dare to dream of a new Québecan grammar of neologisms, neologisms, proper form and staying on to another shot of Canadian Club should it still be available at Québec. Seldom will be induced to cut down for an escape from deprived Québec through a large increase in tobacco tax.

Concomitantly is limited to several allusions to "the State of Québec," when in fact it is still a province. My province once known of high water, but a province all the same.

The report is grievously misleading in its reference to the rest of Canada as an enemy "which sometimes claims to be a nation." Furthermore, this misleading Canadian province it compels imposes upon Quebec "visions that because they are in a language to develop its own values and cultural objectives." Which is to say, not every province that is a group, even a group composed of communities in a Canadian Council grant or referred to Radio-Canada or the National Film Board. The report also makes one clear choice of the so-called culture of the rest of Canada, which is no damier, but a good many talented artists, among them Bobbie Ger (the other hand, only some work is seriously praised as "an outpouring of words of an understanding of the fertility of Quebec's genius." The track is no work of genius has to be cut except from other English or French Canada, but there has been in both an increasing number of talented works

in which we can all take honest pride. It is likely, not to reach to report that a report on culture would be a cultural by wit, a certain grace, written in language that was at least lively. Also this report is composed in an idiom that has the most of slumped on throughout its many pages. Though it is rich in references to Québec's multilingualism, sometimes even vague, but it nowhere evokes the true spirit of French Canada—a culture I have here in a display of humaneness.

Take heart. M. Laurin is no longer to be feared. In the Québec I cherish a solemn fool and her conspiracy are now going to

beastly on page 125 "books" the report reads, "have been the idea of the most important values of culture for some time, and will continue to play the same role for some time."

This is not to say the report isn't alarmingly preachy here, caustic there, and generally anything to the culture of the rest of Canada elsewhere.

The pigheadedness of M. Laurin's *Le Red Cross* Hygiene version of the New Québecan Manifesto. The report notes that Québecers tend to be overweight, easily quiescent as Canada's champion smokers and drink more than they need to. Furthermore, as prepositions authors believe that "alcohol becomes an all too often a prop

Films

Stodgy seconds



DRAGS

Directed by Jennifer Swaver

The Clock-12 of suspense goes something like this. In order to sell stress has to be laid on the original suspense, but the more sharply focused these outer moments, the more pulled the suspense. *Gene* is a man on a mission. The original *Gene* was a poppy shocker which kept water wings deflated for an entire summer. This sequel is only a wind-up toy with a job-stop job-stop mechanism that delivers its dose of scares, but with none of the fire which distinguished the *Seven Spooky* films. Through a not so mysterious delivery system, a great crowd mood has been raised and boozed.

Gene doesn't try for such realism as story or characterization. The idea at one time was to have the inside of Bruce (the married dark/black-and-white) return to work suspense on *Gene*. Long Island for having dispatched her more. Evidently that plan was junked: there were a lot of changes on this picture, notably the original director being replaced by Pauline. Jennifer Swaver, whose director credit is a little bit of a flake, but she is a good one and the original director's wife having her name taken off the screenplay. The idea has been to keep the action going, which means downing his only point where a lot of corned, occasionally blind to suggest can be executed by Mrs. Bruce. They're a dreary bunch, but not half as dreary as the adults led by Chief of Police Marv Brady (Roy Scheider). Here, Scheider has to play not only for Brady's average person (which is in his range), but is also expected to supply him of Robert Sheck's Ashli consciousness and Richey Dreyfus's whyness. It's an unfair burden, particularly since Scheider isn't a real pro to begin with.

There is a weary charmlessness about

Mrs. Bruce and victim-in-be: Gene

the movie. The close-up on the face of the screaming teen-age girl, as if this could not help but cause the *Paravision* response (instead, it draws some chuckles, even such as the spray-on perfumery or the shots of fat people, included only for the cheap of laughs). The result is crude as it is bland. Also expensive: the price tag is reported to be \$10 million. Look for such lowbrowism. JAMES LOWENBERG

The way we weren't

DRAGS

Directed by Randa Hase

Insouciance, poorly edited and short. *Gene* has no ambience other than to entertain without expending much effort or imagination. Carping with it would be the reward of looking a failure. Studied as the screen's lost the compass, *Gene* drove it back on the stage (now ten years on Broadway), where the epitaphs of life at *Gene* might have a revile-like spontaneity and spontaneity. Instead it's just that generic, empty evidence to producer Robert Sheck's modest (Tawny, Jean-Claude Spector), which is why it looks so much directed as organized.

Bad movies, however, are often more notable as pop sociology than as bad movies, and, to *Gene*, the trend in pop culture to recycle old genres and styles has moved from nostalgia to irreverence: what originated as a parody of the '30s has been turned into a genuine for the '70s. *Whorens*, say, American *Gene* was pure sociology, exhibiting an array of symbols for the audience to look at the necessity of *Gene* shows how these symbols have not become *Gene*. The early rock 'n' roll

songs have been outmoded and moved up to sound like disco—spunk rock—and Patricia Burch's dances have the free-form beats of the disco palaces. Some of the fashion (leather look, slick tight, tight wide lapels) are two blacks, not two dollars, away.

The funny end of the left pop has gone to "Go 'N' Buy" John Travolta, playing Danny, a power trying to keep it good with the gang while striking the poppy, naive, naive of the teeny-bop club, good girl Sandy played by the remarkably dull Olivia Newton-John. A picture of a role, it's stretched into a personality physical performance. Travolta doesn't wish-to-please, and his light accent comes off as the low-come from a person, but the movie director, taking away from the dancing, transmits what could have been a cadence to the performance in *Set* and *Night Fever*, and in the scenes with Newton-John. Travolta has nothing to play off. His face has that open look behind which the light of thought seldom dawned. The rest of *Gene* (the five Arden, Bill Casper, Stoddard Chastain, Dody Dorn, and so on) are all at a cost of candor who never get a performance right, but get better than their

part. One of the movie's several fantasy sequences, Beauty School Dropout, features Frankie Avalon flanked by a Busty Berkeley boy, suggestive of silver hair curlers atop their heads. As if such like cinders and stars of wreckage that haven't really lost their period flavor are deliberate, it's looked upon in *Gene* as camp images. *Gene*'s pop sociology is plainly unconscious, since the film is totally unable to show the difference between acting camp and being it. LAWRENCE OPTOPLA



Newton-John and Travolta loved him, she

Television

Have Nielsens, Will Travel

Last year, television's hottest personality was Frankie Fournier-McLagan. This year it's Fred Silverman, who doesn't look half as good in a T-shirt, doesn't star in a major series, doesn't host a talk show or broadcast the news. But by outmaneuvering those who do, Silverman, 46, the new president and chief executive officer of one of the industry's most influential networks, American's viewing habit-shaping host of Charlie's Angels, Fred Silverman, is fast becoming a household name every evening in more U.S. and Canadian homes than any other person in broadcasting history.

The Silverman saga, as long-running and crisis-filled as a daytime soap opera, began when NBC head Paul Warriner left his job as chief of entertainment programming. As head of the red network's programming, Silverman led the successful bid to succeed the departed, replacing third-place NBC to No. 1 on the all-important Nielsen ratings. But that was just the beginning. Last January, NBC's unimpaired third in the ratings, forced Silverman from NBC for a reported yearly salary of \$1 million. As a measure of the power of the Silverman name, the news of his having been stuck in NBC's parent company, up 14 points and lowered stock shares by 14 points. Later, the report New York Times found it necessary to report, among other bold moves, that it had spotted Silverman buying stock in NBC.

The object of all this attention is a short, chunky New Yorker whose precariously greying hair makes him look a good deal older than he is. Social TV reputation: he got his master's degree at Ohio State, where he wrote his thesis on soap programming. Despite the 400-odd-page document, NBC was not frightened enough to hire him there. But NBC programming chief Mike Duggan was. In 1962 Duggan drafted Silverman to become head of NBC daytime programming. Seven years later he replaced Duggan to oversee all entertainment chief at NBC, where he never fitted into the network's by-lounge attitude, could beat where his long roster of successes included *Mary Tyler Moore*, *AN in the Family*, *M.A.S.H.* and *The Waltons*.

By the time NBC recalled Silverman to head its programming department, most of the shows that would bring him to the top were already in production. But Silverman's skill in scheduling and sharpening the material gave NBC the decisive push it needed to move it to the top. He moved the troubled network period from the third week in September to the first, throwing the industry into a turmoil. He further cemented that NBC would lead off by showing



Silverman: give the people what they want

NBC's on successful nights—a stroke that made the network Silverman's network. And he got his new life in *Happy Days*, whose appeal was on the wane. By reformatting it on a young hipness wave, NBC got a second chance at becoming his last stop. The Firm.

What gives Silverman the success ability to focus the NBC's on the viewing public every week—let alone the viewing public? His reaction to what will go on is visceral and so far his stomach has performed about as well as Graham Kerr's. It is an instinct that matters. They sometimes can scarcely conceal their contempt for the programs they peddle. Silverman actively enjoys them. At one NBC affiliates meeting, while other executives played apologetically mobile games of golf and polo in a room Silverman headed under a beach blanket watching a horse-powdered television, and his story of how one of his producers found him crying during the screening of a soap-opera scene, has already become the stuff of media folklore.

However, the man who has for so many years been seen with the people, has yet to make

to first know with the media. "We all know what Silverman is, and that's not one respected commentator. Silverman can be defined as lowest common denominator television. Fantasy isn't Charlie's Angels. *Thirtysix* Company, violence (*Star Trek* and *Murder*) and plain slavery (*Lawrence and Harvey*, *Murphy Brown*). A former competitor isn't programming chief Paul Klein, once termed it "television for kids and doctors." Some Klein now reports to Silverman, his future at NBC must be considered clouded. And indeed, as it now itself drops from a comfortable No. 2 to a hard-fought No. 3, NBC top brass decided that maybe kids and doctors won't be so hot after all.

There was, of course, more than pride at stake. A difference of one point in the prime-time ratings can mean as much as \$25 million in corporate profits. Clearly, it was a case for Silverman to act, and when he finally entered the executive world, he was obviously suffering from a profound case of pre-Fredrick's, nearly taken up by a mail boy who escaped from the elevator wearing a T-shirt with the logo "High Anxiety." Replying, working for Silverman is made an experience, joined with joy.

By the time Silverman made his public debut in mid-June at the annual NBC affiliates' meeting, when was beginning to feature, if not a full-scale, but at least appeared on executive lips, at least their mouths were no longer pinned in anxious smiles.

Silverman's top priorities are the full schedule and satisfaction of the nightly news. The new chief executive has already shown up next to his old offices, including and including the original of several new shows. He is most excited about *Life*, a new series about the lives of doctors and their patients, which he predicts "could be the single show on any network this fall that changes the face of prime-time television." As for the new night news, John Chancellor, who had previously said he would relinquish his anchor spot, has agreed to stay on for another year. When asked how much news viewing he had applied to make Chancellor change his mind, Silverman answered with a smile: "We always have a fan of John Chancellor. You could say I was consulted about the decision."

For the assembled affiliates, however, it was not the Silverman line but Silverman himself that mattered. They welcomed the idea with the usual NBC usually reserves for the history picture of the Soviet leadership screen on the annual May Day parade. Who would be the first executive to get the one? Silverman decided it might be the network president Robert Matherland, but most speculators centered on the enigmatic Paul Klein, not adding the head-table high-powered average. Silverman himself, of course, is only one year off the bottom line. If he isn't with the following network, which he himself may be the first to go.

BY MICHAEL O'NEILL

The New Weekly

Maclean's

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Books

A very dirty business



THE CRIME AND PUNISHMENT OF I.G. FARBEIN
by Joseph Kerner (Corker Macmillan \$12.95)
Most businessmen believe in profits, efficiency and being on the right side of the government. Yet what happens when an industrial complex resembles all other ones devoted to these goals? Answer: you end up with I.G. Farbenindustrie, Aachen.

The I.G. Farben story began April 22, 1945. Thick yellow smoke rolled out of massive chimneys, shadowed the fields of Ypres and seeped into the lungs of 15,000 Allied soldiers by nightfall. Bodies piled up

from the first victims of Belgium, and a gas chamber made possible by a Farben-controlled company, members of death

the trenches. From a fence of spiky, barbed wire to public gas chambers, the alliance between the German chemical industry and in Reich had begun. The Kerner's war machine needed chemical weapons and synthetic oil and rubber. The I.G. (for Interessen Gemeinschaft, a common enemy of interest) owned, provided scientists and the Reich owned the science. It was a pact that would survive Kaiser Wilhelm II, Adolf Hitler and the Nuremberg trials. At its core, I.G. would bring factories as close as Auschwitz concentration camp and establish its own complete slave-labor camp, to spite of post-war plans to dismember "forever" the I.G. Empire, and despite conviction of I.G. executives for slavery and mass murder by the end of the '50s the executives were back on the boards of the three major German companies that had been part of the Farben cartel. Only the Farben name had disappeared. In America it became BASF. Four years ago BASF was convicted of providing gas to co-operatives with its German cousin. Small potatoes in comparison with the old days

of Berlin's book, exhaustively researched and chilling in its conclusions, document the rise of I.G. and the expediency of its American business partners whose concern to protect a good investment returned uncoupled by investigations of Farben's slave labor camp. Some American investors sided the Nazi enterprise even after Pearl Harbor, mostly proving Lenin's diatribe about capitalists selling the hollies with which they would be shot. But the lesson is that profit and efficiency are considered in the darkest of philosophies of the War would have to believe, only that the pursuit of any goal will turn immoral unless it is guided by principles of ordinary morality. Making money for the stockholder is fine, making more by employing slave labor isn't. It's a very simple proposition of justice, conscience and avoid government interference. **MARILYN AMEL**

A different complexion

DO IT YOURSELF ORIENT THEM!
The Black Pioneers of British Columbia
by Crawford Kilian (Douglas & McIntyre \$12.95)

It is a small, curious chapter in the settling of Canada. In 1858, 35 black men came from San Francisco to settle in Victoria, B.C., at the invitation of "a gentleman in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company." Awarded a land grant Crawford Kilian, the invitation came from James Douglas, son of a Scotch chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and, later, governor of British Columbia.

The gold rush up the Fraser had begun. Americans were flooding the coast of B.C. The few black men in British Columbia at the time of Victoria were happy to encourage these black middle-class immigrants. Their loyalty could be relied upon—allegiance to an enlightened Crown rather than the halfhearted half-free United States—where these men were more comfortable with British gentility than the vulgar brutalities of American miners and speculators. Most of the blackened only briefly. Within 20 years they returned to America where attitudes to slavery were changing. Many had prospered in Canada but they were discouraged by the constant racist notices of American cities.

Kilian's book is fascinating reading. It is a classic illustration that most influences are situational, not permanent. In 1858 the black Canadian immigrants preferred the blacks to Americans, while the black Americans of Victoria, who were British subjects, preferred the Anglo-Canadians to black Americans seeking British citizenship. It is also a story of the black Canadian struggle to establish a community of their own, a story that is not only a story of the black Canadian struggle but also a story of the black Canadian struggle to establish a community of their own, a story that is not only a story of the black Canadian struggle but also a story of the black Canadian struggle to establish a community of their own.



Joseph Fortes was a legend on English Bay, which he practically ran at the turn of the century. He taught Fortes, which he saved over a hundred lives.

identical exhibit more serious than but over existed between the black and Canadian of British Columbia. This is not to endorse such mingling or to excuse the behavior of some white British Columbians of the 1850s or the 1970s. But one should not make the mistake of regarding the invasion from "Africa" as an accident or vice president to white. **MARILYN AMEL**

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- 1 The Holcroft Command, Jonathan (1)
- 2 Scorpions, Krantz (1)
- 3 Woodlark, Shalton (4)
- 4 Two Women, Anderson (2)
- 5 The Human Factor, Grant (2)
- 6 The Thorn Birds, McCullough (4)
- 7 Murder Her Face, Muller, Green (3)
- 8 Kalki, White (7)
- 9 The Magus, A Perseus, Vankar, (1)
- 10 Ad of God, Thompson (1)

NON-FICTION

- 1 Traudis, Rosenfeld (1)
- 2 H.L. Hunt is a Devil of Devils—What Am I Doing in the Pink, Donnelly (1)
- 3 The Complete Book of Razzing, Pile (2)
- 4 Pulling Your Own Strings, Spier (1)
- 5 P. Taylor, Renner (4)
- 6 The Country Glory of an Education, Lady, Alvin (1)
- 7 The Roadside, Hays, Smith (1)
- 8 My Mother, My Self, A Daughter's Search for Identity, Wright (7)
- 9 All of Baba's Children, Kalki (1)
- 10 The Ends of Power, Malmgren (1)

1. Previous best seller.
Figures are for the last 40 days.
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Theatre

Stranger in a (somewhat) strange land

Edmonton, with a population of only half a million, supports a dozen theatre companies and bills itself as Canada's second largest theatrical centre. A quarter of a million people, in fact, annually sit through the new \$6.5-million Citadel theatre, the orange brick-and-glass jewel that gleams brightly in the city's heart.

Over the last 10 years, however, Edmonton's habitually intense interest in things theatrical was heightened as debate raged over the appointment of England's Peter Cox, 48, as Citadel artistic director. Radio talk-back shows, cab drivers and the Citadel's patrons all argued the merits of having anyone but a Canadian to lead Boston's John Neville who has moved on to the Neptune theatre in Halifax after a five-year Citadel stint. With Cox's arrival in Edmonton last month, the controversy has spread across Canada. The dispute could see no fewer foreign actors might eventually be based from any Canadian stage.

Cox—a guest conductor at Stratford, Ontario, in 1962—was surprised by the swirl of controversy but confident in saying that Edmontonians care so much about their theatre. He is more bewildered by the fuss stirred off by his announced intention to take the Citadel to Broadway, an ambition many expected Canadian theatre Edmontonians thought to be. In fact, Cox is not delayed by the body of the situation in the offing. They'll be treated to North American premieres of Terence Rattigan's *Cause Children* or Anthony Shaffer's *Shadows* (a sequel to *Shogun*), and to world premieres of Clio Haggis' *Horned Man* and Charles Stacey's *Flowers for Algernon* in the 11-play series. *John Jones* has already accepted the starring role in *Wanted* and *Maude Rose Moody* will play Shakespeare's *Richard III*. Negotiations are still under way with a growing array of other international players, including Britain's David McClenahan and John Mills, and William Atherton of the U.S.

The lineup has excited immediate attention from Broadway producers and Cox, who earned an international reputation as a director in the late 1950s and early 1960s, says that as good. He figures the Citadel should launch itself on Broadway in the same way. He believes it will and that the Citadel's company regularly stages these productions at London's West End. The Citadel would thus spend more people and earn more money, which might eventually make it self-supporting, he says.

Opponents are otherwise. They charge Cox with using the Citadel as a listening

post to get his own productions to New York. Critics suspect that and play will go on to Broadway. Having behind the Edmonton talent, which is contrary to the theatre's whole reason of life. From Halifax, John Neville even wondered whether Cox's plans might not endanger government financing of an institution dedicated to giving priority to local artists.



Cox at the Citadel: he says uncontented.

The month will come on July 13 at a special Canada Actors' Equity meeting prompted by a 250-man personnel organization by State Matilda. Citadel director from 1968 to 1972, now in Toronto. The meeting would change Equity's constitution, closing Canadian borders to foreign actors. If it happens, Cox predicts that foreign stages will be cleared of Canadians in production. "Every country decides its own fate," says Cox: "but it would be a pity if Canada chose to become a cultural backwater, a South Africa, where it would be to an expensive theatrical experience. It would be prostrate." **MARILYN AMEL**

What René Lévesque has wrought, he himself may be putting asunder

Column by Alan Fotheringham

The last possible place to be for a Canadian who is an optimist is Place Jacques Cartier on St. Jean-Baptiste Day. This is the celebrational square, sloping down past a grand elevator to the St. Lawrence from the terraced balcony of Montreal's City Hall, where Charles de Gaulle addressed his famed "Vive le Québec libre" orators of why-the-hell-keep-Montreal-joined-on-is-better-than-by-itself, butler down came to gird on the cold statues, waving stick the blue-and-white Québec flag. A clutch of students, some, one of them in a moment of a Gorbachev, with one weekly eye and rapaciousness in a grassy courtyard in the summer heat, attempts to dance in slow motion to music, to the too-rapping, too-dramatic blared out from the vintage-rock speakers high on the slope. With small caution, then boys yank in cordoned beer cans labelled "O'Keefe" and "Molson's" and there are often as they are hanging on the market's borders in the centre of the 15,000 swarming celebrants. Ah, the angels to the south!

Yet. And yet. One can remember as somewhere of a Place Jacques Cartier, a St. Jean-Baptiste Day a half dozen years ago. The same square, the same demographic slice of youthful Québécois, filled with beer and holiday abandon. Parties were raised in holiday alleysways on the perimeter of Old Montreal. Riot clubs and plastic face masks were the holiday garb. A three-story police helicopter swooped back and forth over the heads of the crowd, its blue-and-red-and-green lights in the twilight, its wings with the colored balloons sentinels by distant distances of the drinking café that line the square. There was, to an outsider, something in the intemperate manner of that the living hellbender overheard, a muffled crowd that bore the seeds of a movement that climaxed on November 15, 1978. St. Jean-Baptiste Day in the past, in fact, was very useful market research for the Parti Québécois.

Now, that anger has been vitiated. The previous years of the independence—not to mention the Anglo-Saxophones across the border—has been subdued. Finally, at last, the message has got through to the downy levels of the Western Hemisphere: this holiday is not here, but here. It is not more cultural market to the patron

age of the French-Canadian voter: it is now Québec's five seasons. The mood and the mix of the beer drinkers reflect the self-renewing of anger. Québec has entered a new phase.

Montreal, still the most interesting town in the country, has geographic layers unlike any other. Halfway down, Place Jacques Cartier, the central boulevard of the Nelson Hotel, a familiar backdrop for the TV camera in the home hour for Robert Lortie, the lawyer who repre-



sented the riot in those now dreary forgotten days. It is the worst, most comically of Lord Nelson that dominates this square that vibrates with the voice of young Québec. The inscription commemorating the Battle of Trafalgar, an unconscious still upper lip purely tells of Nelson's winning the combined forces of France and Spain and "in the memorable scene his country was so lament the loss of her greatest naval hero but not a single ship." Ah yes, the precursor of the nation's birth.

Children with painted white faces skip past the benches and plunge into the fountain. In a moment, the scene has changed to a place that has seen to send the best chugging on the scene, a macaronologist from Ottawa smokes her five-month-old daughter with a pacifier and introduces around her friends from Calgary who by their presence, entered a satirical day band to Québec. "It is not," says a Montrealer, "but other years when anger stayed away from Mont Royal for fear of trouble." It is the no itself, spreading over 51 million to convert a red head feast into a provincial holiday, that evening down the river and out

get of this most symbolic of Québec days.

The geography shifts in the symbolic chase on St. Denis, the street well away from the central city of Montreal, established by students and professionals in their protest against the steady bourgeoisie of Creston Street, where the plastic credit cards click like snakes in the night. On St. Denis it is not rock, it is not a language that won't go away ("Jazz Blues" and "Lovers Room") and the cheerful abandon under the heat and dancing, that English-Canadian youths cannot seem to capture when advancing into drunken stupor. A slice of style that separates out, perhaps, but now the resistance is diminished, the hostility over the past six months slowly melting around the edges. One can see it and touch it.

Over on Creston, in downtown Montreal, Glenn Milnes, that famous Québécois Agnès, pours his crossbones sugar from the amplified speaker, creating a club lady, snapping a large white paper disc that has been seen since Ritz Hayward, so much with her husband on unfamiliar grounds. A woman in a black New York Jets T-shirt, however, in rhythm on the steps of La Sève, the club featuring an outdoor wall of nappies—a tired reminder of what the 1960s thought was exciting. A hard rubber balloon, five feet in diameter, is hoisted from hand to hand above the heads of the dancing then pulled a block. In 1978, amusements have to be provided, not sentiments repeated.

There is, in Montreal, the sense that the best has been pursued. The flowering spirit of Charles River—with that sense of a face—has claimed the purely anglos of the west islands, just as it has altered the no more being more a pragmatic political party rather than an ontological movement. There will be a different Québec, as even the coffee period Pierre Trudeau has conceded it is a surprising constitutional package that goes so far as to accept the repeated pleas of a Bill Bennett of B.C.

Québec has moved a long way since that transformation night in the Paul Robeson Avenue. The 10 through 11 mile line to right or has sucked the anger from the province: it is hard to imagine René Lévesque as a pacifier but that is what he has become. The road René may very well have been the escape valve, not the engine of it.



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